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☞ All communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed TO THE PUBLISHER.

LETTER OF DR. REES.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,
Office, No. 2 Essex Street,
LONDON, Sept. 8, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of April the fourth, of this year, was received in due course, and was read with a lively interest. It is gratifying to our Association to be thus informed from time to time of the proceedings of our transatlantic friends who are embarked in the same great cause of Christian truth and charity.

We duly appreciate the importance of the measures taken by your Association for the extensive circulation among the religious public of America, and especially among those who are educated to be the religious instructors and guides of others, of the works of able and popular authors, likely to engage their serious attention and study, and to impart to them valuable instruction upon the doctrines and moral duties of Christianity. The Works you have named, (Wilson's Illustrations, and Channing's publications) are eminently adapted to be of great service in this way; and we shall be glad to hear that they have been followed by other writings of a similar character, and the like beneficial tendency and usefulness. Books are standing and permanent teachers. And although they may not always and in every place find readers disposed to profit by their lessons, they cannot fail to effect in the course of time great and lasting good wherever they are dispersed.

We are obliged and gratified by the books which you have had the kindness to transmit to us, and I have to convey to you the best thanks of our Committee for the present of those conveyed to us in July last by Dr. Allen. I regret that I had not an opportunity of seeing that gentleman, and making through him my personal acknowledgments. The Books were sent to the office with a note from Dr. A., in which he stated that he was too much pressed for time to call, being on the eve of his departure for the continent. I am not without the hope of seeing him on his return to this country.

At the time your letter reached me I had no information of consequence to send for insertion in your Annual Report, nor have I now anything of peculiar interest and novelty to communicate. Our association is pursuing a steady course in promoting and sustaining, so far as we may be able, the great principles of Unitarian Christianity, partly by encouraging, as opportunites offer, the formation of new congregations, and partly by strengthening, as far as we have means, the hands of those who are laboring in old establishments. Societies for very inadequate remuneration.—Of late we have not printed any new works; but we have lent our assistance to extend the circulation of the publications of others both British and American, which we deemed calculated to promote the knowledge, to cherish the spirit, and advance the practical efficacy of Scriptural Christianity. The attention of our Committee has recently been much engaged in the consideration of an undertaking, which we deem of supreme importance, and which we hope at no great distance of time to be able to accomplish, viz., the publication of an improved translation of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, to be printed in a neat commodious form, and to be accessible to the public at as low a price as may be practicable. The scheme has been under the consideration of the most learned of our Biblical scholars, but nothing definite has yet been determined as to the details of the execution. The undertaking is one of considerable extent and difficulty, involving a heavy pecuniary outlay, and cannot well be proceeded with until the chances of raising the necessary funds for its completion have been maturely considered, and pretty clearly ascertained. We feel with you the ill effects of the late commercial embarrassments which have affected both countries, and are sensible of the impediments they must create in relation to this important object.

We have little that is new to communicate respecting the progress of liberal opinions on the continent. The disturbed and agitated state of the continental nations has necessarily been very unfavorable to the calm prosecution of religious inquiries. Yet we learn that in France the liberal portion of the Protestant clergy are steadily pursuing measures for the advancement of Scriptural Christianity, as opposed to the Calvinistic theology, which is still zealously maintained by a large and influential party arrogating to itself the title of Evangelical. In Transylvania, the Unitarian doctrines introduced by the liberal Reformers of Poland and Italy, are still steadily maintained. We have very lately been gratified by the presence of a gentleman from that country, now one of the professors of the Unitarian College at *Clausenburg*, through whom we have established a correspondence with our fellow professors in that city, and have made arrangements for an interchange of books upon theological subjects.

We have the satisfaction to find that in India, where we had once almost despaired of effecting much good, the seed sown some years ago is producing a promising, if not an abundant harvest. At Madras, William Roberts, the son of our old and esteemed friend and missionary of the same name, is maintaining the little congregation of Unitarian native Christians founded by his father, and conducting some schools in which many of the native children, Christians of several denominations Mahometans and Hindoos, are receiving an education suited to their age and circumstances.

At Secundirabad, in the same presidency, but about 600 miles from Madras, Abraham Chineah, a gentleman of high character and great zeal is applying himself most commendably in supporting schools for the education of the children of the poor natives of all classes and creeds, and aiding by his personal labors and his purse in the maintenance of an Unitarian congregation at that place. This is indeed a small Society, but seems to consist of sincere converts and exemplary Christians. At Secundirabad John Hogan, of whom we have before had occasion to speak, a native soldier in the India Army, but a man of education, is laboring with great zeal and considerable ability to instruct the people; and his reports, drawn up with great care have been hitherto very interesting and satisfactory. With his last letter to us he forwarded an Address to your Association, which at his request I forward to you herewith. He supplicates your assistance in the good work in which he is engaged; and our Committee will be gratified by your sympathy and co-operation in the objects he is prosecuting in respect to the schools and his missionary labors, which seem calculated to be of great service.

In the printed Report of the proceedings of our last Anniversary, the Committee have noticed the communications with which you have favored us in your last letter, and it is my pleasing duty to transmit to you a copy of a Resolution unanimously passed at this meeting in reference to the correspondence now carried on between the two Associations, and the wish of our Society for the continuance of this friendly epistolary intercourse, and for a more intimate union and co-operation in the prosecution of the great objects which both institutions were intended to promote. I shall embrace an early opportunity to forward to you copies of this Report, and of such other new works and documents as may appear likely to interest you. In the mean time believe me to remain, My dear Sir,

With every sentiment of Christian affection.

Yours very truly, THOMAS REES,
Rev. F. W. Holland. Resident Sec'y.

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this meeting be conveyed to Mr. Holland, Secretary to the American Association, for the interesting communications, and the copies of Books and Tracts which he has sent us; and that we shall be happy to unite with our American brethren in practical plans for the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity, especially commending to their kind sympathy such opportunities for the promotion of Unitarianism as may occur in our colonies, in Canada and British India, and among the Protestant Churches on the continent.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.

I never shun a grave-yard, says Greenwood.—The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion, whose damp chambers I must occupy so soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there; but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity are all gone. Men are there, but the passions are hushed and the spirits are still. Malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is satiated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raving; all disputes are ended, and revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thickly piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trumpet of the arch-angel, and the voice of God.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREJUDICES.

This is an unpleasant state of things. It would lead us too far, were we to enter into a minute investigation of its causes. We conceive, however, that the one which has been the longest and most prejudicially in operation, is the party spirit which began so early, and still continues to prevail in the Church. The restorers of classical literature, and their successors, had definite objects in view; namely, to ascertain what their authors had written, and to put their readers in possession of the true meaning of the text.—They acted, therefore, on uniform principles, and with a general unity of purpose; and consequently, if they could not attain perfect accuracy, they were continually coming nearer it. But, Patristic Divinity did not fare so well. When the spirit of ecclesiastical partizanship began to prevail over more simply Christian feeling, the literary champions on all sides acted on the policy of bringing prominently forward what suited their particular views, and of disparaging, stigmatizing, or keeping out of sight whatever appeared unfavourable to them. Hence it is next to impossible to get a perfectly fair view of any consecutive period of ecclesiastical history, or a fair statement of the doctrines and opinions of many considerable sects. Every thing is tinged or distorted by the prejudiced medium through which it has passed; and a large amount of valuable knowledge is entirely lost to the world, because those who were once in possession of it did not think it expedient to transmit it to posterity. In process of time, too, the dominant party manifested a disposition to substitute authority for evidence; and to insist upon having its dicta believed, whether it proved them or not. With that party, of course, writings which interfered the least with those pretensions, met with most acceptance; and much which opposed them or did not explicitly support them, was allowed to drop into oblivion, or was corrupted in various ways to make it harmonise with what was called the 'Voice of the Church.' Ample illustration of these positions may be found, in the whole history of the Church from the third century downwards.

It would be difficult to produce a more striking example of the influence of this mischievous party-spirit than is furnished by the fate of Origen and of his writings. It is universally allowed, that few men of his age equalled him in piety and active benevolence; that, in point of learning and industry, he occupied the very first rank; and that a greater amount of valuable knowledge, both sacred and profane, might be derived from his writings than from those of any other ecclesiastical author. He was not exempt, indeed, from eccentricities and errors; but they were in general calculated to hurt nobody but himself; and in consideration of his acknowledged merits, might have been overlooked, or, at all events, opposed with calmness and moderation. And this was, in fact, the course taken by Athanasius, Basil, Gregory of Nazianzum, and other illustrious Fathers. They speak of him with respect, while they combat his errors; and they thankfully bear witness to the benefit which they derived from his works. But unfortunately, there was an influential party in the Church, composed of men of small capacity, strong prejudices, and a meddling, unquiet disposition, who deliberately undertook to stigmatise and ruin him. The characters and motives of this clique are graphically described by St. Pamphilus in his 'Apology for Origen,' of which an abstract has been preserved by Ruffinus. He informs us that the opponents of Origen were partly such as were unable to comprehend his writings, and partly persons influenced by malevolence and prejudice, which they carried so far as to brand with heresy all who even presumed to read him. Many of those who were most bitter against him never saw his books, and did not even understand the language in which they were written. There were others who, having made great use of him in their own lucubrations, studiously affected to decry him, for fear it should be discovered that all their best things were stolen from Origen. By dint of restless activity, this contemptible faction prevailed over wiser and better men; and Origen was long held up as an object of odium throughout the greater part of Christendom. The consequences of this party-spirit have been seriously detrimental to the cause of learning and truth in a variety of ways. Many of his most important works have been completely suppressed; and much of what remains has been tampered with by enemies and injudicious friends, so that a calm investigation of his opinions is now impossible. Even in a very limited degree of the fruits of Origen's researches; and has only suspicious and garbled data for ascertaining his real opinions. Had he been a Pagan commentator on Aristotle, he would have been far more equitably dealt with.

[Edinburgh Review.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Christians profess to be natives of heaven, to be born from above. They sojourn for a season in the world as in a foreign land, till their Father and King summons them home. They speak the language of the gospel, or of the kingdom of heaven, and understand it; and they know each other hereby. They agree to meet together to worship their King, and pay allegiance to him—to learn more of his will, and seek his favor. The day of their solemn assemblies is the day of the resurrection of Christ, the Son of God, and their Lord. When they do special honors to him, they eat bread and drink wine, to solemnize the memory of their deliverance from sin and hell, when he was sent into the world to die for them. Then, by calling away their hearts from this world, and conversing about heavenly things, they are continually preparing for their return home. They choose one or more teachers, pastors, or bishops, to instruct them in their duty, and to offer up their common addresses to God, in the name of Christ; to put them in mind of the things of heaven, and to walk before them in exemplary holiness. They choose deacons to relieve the poor, out of their public liberality, as well as to take care that their pastors or teachers be maintained. They receive in new members who are worthy, upon their profession, and they cast out those that are dishonorable. They walk onward in this way toward the heavenly state, and wait the summons from on high, to call them thither by death and the resurrection."

[*Dr. Watts.*

FROM MR. OSGOOD'S VALEDICTORY TO HIS PEOPLE IN PROVIDENCE.

You are to commit this pulpit to another. Commit it to one who will bring his mind and heart to the work. Encourage him to be faithful to his duties, not merely by providing him and his family with bread. You can give him better hints for sermons than he will be likely to find in his books. The assurance of your sympathy will kindle upon his lips a fire that can never come from any learned folios, and the power of your prayers will give his ministry a grace that is not dispensed by academic parchment. Encourage him to look beyond you to the throne above you both—to draw water not from the shallow cisterns of human caprice and opinion, but from the great source on high. So shall this seat of teaching become hallowed ground as this house of prayer, and with joy shall you and your children come hither with the preacher to draw water from the wells of salvation. To God and to the word of his grace I commend you and him whom you may choose.

Poorly understood indeed would be the uses of this temple, and this pulpit, without constant connection with the ministries of Christian charity. Unto God I commend you in all your work of love. Where that work begins and where it ends, who will undertake to say? Certainly it takes in the whole length and breadth of life, and religion is an empty name unless proved by practical benevolence. It is the Christian's great business in life to do all he can to secure to his fellow-men as to himself the essential blessings which the Creator has set before us. A Christian church is a dead thing, unless its people do good to men for the glory of God in the name of Christ. The main office in this work of love, of course concerns itself with the characters and souls of men, for outward circumstances depend in great part upon the principles and energies within. How want is to be relieved, and the unfortunate who desire to help themselves, may be helped out of temporary poverty, we need not specify. To this point you have given no small heed in various ways, and the record of the use made of the sums committed to my stewardship, is an expressive and not altogether sad illustration of the wretchedness to be alleviated and the charity that the Good Samaritan felt. The chief duty, however, is to bring such influences regularly and efficiently to bear upon all classes in the community, that sobriety, intelligence, industry, purity, and piety shall prevail, and the right spirit correct external wrongs.

They who sustain a Christian church steadfastly and generously, do a work of love to the whole community, and give permanent foothold to priciples which are the salt of society. The influence may not be so decided and perceptible as could be desired or expected, yet it never ceases, and young and old are the stronger and better because of its ministrations. God's truth cannot be set forth with sincerity and tolerable ability for nought, and the value of Christian institutions appears emphatically enough from the miserable condition of communities where they are suffered to languish or die. Let it then be felt, that in upholding this sanctuary, in providing for its ministrations, in securing the religious education of the young, and in confirming the principles of the mature, you have done and will continue to do a work of love.

Let not the work end here, nor in the harmony of your assembly and the peace and affection of your homes. Allow me to approve and stimulate your adopted modes of charity, and to entreat you to do even better than you have done for the institutions of benevolence which already have established themselves in the good graces of the community. Remember the home for the orphan and for those whose lot is more sad than the orphan's. How vast a good a little offering thus prudently applied will achieve. Forget not the institution generously founded by the bounty of our own fraternity, the Ministry at Large, which has so triumphantly passed through its day of small things, and stands, with its faithful minister and zealous helpers among the fixed facts of our beloved community.

The city, *our* city let me call it still and ever, is prosperous and improving, yet it is lacking in one element of civil life which is so important to individual character and sound action, as to present peculiar claims upon the benevolence of all liberal Christians of whatever name, and we would be the last to give them any exclusive name, much more to claim any monopoly of the title.—We are deficient in public spirit of the higher kind, and the true friends of the community are feebly seconded by the wealth and commanding influence of the place. In our schools and charitable institutions a good work has been begun, but with a few honored exceptions, our leading men have yet to learn the true uses of wealth, and to bless themselves in blessing others. Apart from all ordinary views of charity, no better work could be done for the mind and morals of the rising generation than to diffuse a generous, intellectual, moral and religious public spirit, that should quicken every manly energy, lift society above its dollar and cent materialism—its price-current standard of opinion—and lead the community to find its honor in things truly honorable.

The new generation is now coming upon the stage and fast filling the places of trust and influence. To the new generation you, brethren, belong, and time is soon to show what you and your associates mean to do, and how and for what you mean to live. If your means are limited, enlarge them by a contented mind that deems the life more than the goods, and by a dignity that scorns to imitate the ostentation of dress and living which it cannot afford. May those of you who attain larger means use them well and in a Christian way. Highly favored in this respect, brethren, not a few of you seem to be. If facts and figures do not deceive, many of you who of old joined this congregation with little but ready hands and determined wills, have overcome all obstacles and won more than the success at which you aimed. In a few years many of you are likely to take a prominent place among the chiefs in the business world. Do not shame the liberal principles in which you are educated. Do not hoard your wealth with close-fisted avarice, nor run to the other equally foolish extreme of expending all that you feel able to spare upon the mere externals of living, nor give upholstery, feasting, and showy houses and equipages, that excite wonder rather than respect or admiration, the substance that might if well directed move the judicious of the whole community with your own children to rise up and call you blessed. You will be tested by a higher standard than the elders who have passed and are passing away. God bless you in all honorable pursuits. He will bless you if you use in large and discriminating benevolence the affluence confided to your charge. May wealth not impoverish you by increasing your covetousness and stinting your bounties. May you live in generous simplicity and enlightened humanity, and when you die may it not be with clenched hands, as if disputing with Omnipotence the decree, that as we brought nothing into the world, so we can carry nothing out—nothing—nothing—save the goods that have been transferred to heaven's own treasury by being devoted to the uses of piety and love. There is not a little in the spirit that has been cherished in this congregation, in your mutual good-will and generous co-operation, that makes such wishes for the future by no means vain. In all your works of benevolence I commend you to God and the word of his grace.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF NORMAL SCHOOLS.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, gives a sketch of the history of Normal Schools, drawn from the most reliable authorities. From this we learn that the first Teachers' Seminary of which there is any account, is that opened by Franke the founder of the celebrated Orphan-house at Halle, as early as the year 1704. Another was established at Stettin, Pomerania in 1735. These institutions were productive of great good in their sphere, and served as precursors of better times which were not fully to appear until the dawn of a new century.

In an account of the schools of Prussia, it is stated that as the standard of education rose under the efforts of Frederic the 2d, at the close of his long wars, the value of Normal schools became apparent. "Teaching was found to be an art of great difficulty, only to be acquired by long practice, and special preparation. These important and rapid improvements were confined to the instruction of the higher classes of society, till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Pestalozzi begun his great work in Switzerland. He was the first to raise teaching to an art based on a knowledge of human nature." His great invention was prevented from perishing at his death, being perpetuated by Fellenbergh, and also being transplanted in several other parts of Europe. In 1809, Fellenbergh organised his Normal school, and forty-two teachers of the canton of Berne came together and received gratuitous instruction in the art of teaching. So great was their zeal, that on finding the establishment was not large enough to receive them, they were contented to lodge in tents. Even the Emperor of Russia, a few years afterwards, sent several pupils to Fellenbergh with a view to introducing a better system of instruction among his people. Afterwards a Normal school was established at St. Petersburgh. The educational reform in Prussia properly commenced with the establishment of Normal schools. A minimum knowledge of [illegible] extensive knowledge, sound sense, and a profound acquaintance with human nature, must be combined in the teacher. His habits must be formed by practice, and experience must give him a certain fact, without which the best endeavors will be useless. So powerfully has this system commended itself to all enlightened men, that not only have these seminaries for teachers been constantly increasing within the last ten years in Prussia, in Saxony, and in the west and south west of Germany; but most of the enlightened governments of Europe have followed the example.

Out of Prussia, the plan was first adopted in Holland. The celebrated Normal school of Mr. Trinsen, was established at Haarlem in 1816; and it is now acknowledged by all that common school education has been reformed and immeasurably advanced throughout that enlightened country, by the influence of that school.

In 1838 Normal schools were adopted in France, as one of the main features in the great governmental measure in behalf of common Schools. Mr. Mann mentions the interesting fact that a Normal school was established at Versailles, occupying the very site, and some of the buildings that were the dog-kennels of Louis XIV, and his royal successors!

Scotland was not slow to discover the advantages of the preparation of teachers. That country has one such school at Edinburgh and one at Glasgow, besides the Madras college at St. Andrews, which exercise the double function of giving a classical education, and preparing teachers for schools.

In Ireland, the National Board of Education has established an excellent and extensive Normal school at Dublin, one thousand pounds having been given to the object by Lord Morpeth.

In England, several Normal schools have sprung up under the auspices of private individuals and societies, the government having limited its efforts to the bestowment of aid upon the institutions thus established.

In Belgium three Normal schools were established in 1843.

In regard to a system of means specifically designed to qualify teachers for common schools, New York made earlier movements than any other State on this side of the Atlantic. In 1835 a teachers' department was engrafted upon one academy in each of the Senatorial districts of that State. The sum of $500 was given to each of these academies for the purchase of apparatus and a library, and also the further sum of $400 to pay the salary of an instructor. In 1840 the State Normal school was established at Albany.

In 1838, Mr. Edmund Dwight, of Boston, offered to the Educational Board of Massachusetts, the sum of $10.000, to be expended in the qualification of teachers of Common Schools, provided the State would devote an equal sum to the same purpose. His proposition was accepted, and in the course of a few years three Normal schools were established in that State. Several other States of our Union have had this subject under consideration, but we do not learn that any of them have as yet consummated their measures so far as to have Normal schools in actual operation.

AGASSIZ ON THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

The Christian Observatory contains some very sensible and well-timed remarks on the late Scientific meeting at Cambridge. It gives a brief abstract of Prof. Agassiz views of animal morphology and of the argument founded on them for the being of a God. It is an argument possessing great interest, for it meets the form which modern scepticism assumes—the scepticism alike of the vestiges of Creation and of M. Comte. We are glad to agree with the Observatory in its estimate of its importance and in commending it to the attention of our readers.

We take it to be indicative of the tendencies of modern science, that an address like that of Professor Agassiz on animal morphology, or, as we should say, on natural theology, was so delivered, and so received; for it is the only one which we have noticed as being received with open marks of approbation. It was an oral communication on animal morphology, which may be interpreted, the science of the forms of animal, and their changes. He has made a new Derham, Ray, and Paley, for establishing the doctrines of natural theology.

He introduced his statement by describing the objects of the investigations of zoologists up to the present time; which have been, to discover the various relations of animals, whether structural, physiological, or geological. But the results of these investigations have led only to classifications and theories. 'I think,' he says, 'there is a higher aim in science than mere classification, than mere theory, however wide may be the conclusions derived from those investigations. It is my opinion that we are to seek the recognition of the plan according to which animals have been created; to inquire whether there is really in nature a plan which does not result merely from our contrivances to illustrate the subject before us, but which is inherent in nature; in a word, which is a Thought of the Supreme Intelligence, manifested in material reality. That is the view I take of the animal kingdom, a view which greatly differs from that generally adopted."

The question he discusses, is thus stated;—"Do the relations which exist in nature, shew satisfactorily that all classes of animals, and all individual animals are partial expressions of a general thought, and manifestations of immaterial reality, of a plan laid out by a Supreme Intelligence?"

To establish the affirmative of this question, he presents two considerations,—first, the various types of animals are not evolved from one another; yet, secondly, they are the consecutive stages in one plan. All animals, therefore, are separated into classes which can have no common material origin; yet they belong to one plan, and point to a common issue of their series.

It is manifest, that, if facts substanciate these positions, a new and glorious demonstration of an intelligent First Cause is added to the former instructions of natural theology. Without the aid of diagrams, we cannot well present the learned professor's illustrations. After shewing that there are four types of animal existence, inseparably distinct, Radiata, Mollusca, Articulata and Vertebrata, he approaches his conclusion by asking, "Whether there is an intellectual connection between these types thus materially separate and incommunicable, showing that they are the connection of a preconceived, and hence intelligent and intended plan, laid out before their creation, and carried out in reality, in a succession of types? If I succeed in showing that there is such an intelligent connection between these plans, then, I think, I shall have shewn, on scientific grounds alone, that we are to bow before a Supreme Intelligence, and acknowledge in science, what we so deeply feel in our bosoms."

His argument is thus beautifully and impressively closed. "In the succession of organized beings, we find such a progress, that tracing all these relations we arrive at man at last. He is, by his structure, the highest. He is, in the order of succession, the last. And as we have traced all these different connection with reference to the plan laid out at the beginning, at what conclusion do we arrive in the most direct manner? It is, that the creation of man was the aim of the plan from the beginning. And in a higher view, and without any reference to utilitarian considerations, we may say that this world has been made for man; for man was the object which the Creator had in view, when he framed the plan for the development of this globe. And if this be the case, let us never forget what a responsibility it throws upon us, to be the object of such a development, and the close of such a magnificent construction as that [illegible] to the future [illegible] that man was created in the image of his God."

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

"The rain fell heavier, and fears were entertained lest part of the wheat, which was still unhoused, might be seriously injured. The proprietor was lamenting the impossibility of procuring as many hands as were needful to gather in the grain more rapidly, when an old man followed by five young ones, all armed with forks and rakes, entered the barn. He advanced towards the astonished farmer, and uncovering his white hairs—"I have heard," said he, "that you were gathering in your harvest, and seeing this rain came on so heavily, I thought that a dozen more arms might be of service to you, so I am come with my lads."

"May God bless you, good father!" said the proprietor, offering his hand to the venerable peasant,—"But I did not expect this aid from *you*. Have you, then forgotten our law suit, and the fine inflicted on you through my means!" The old man shrugged his shoulders, saying,—"Our Saviour was more outraged than ever I was, and he forgave his murderers. Besides, the quarrels of the neighbors should not be allowed to diminish the poor man's bread. He who lets God's wheat be destroyed, cannot be a good Christian. Now we are going to carry home your corn; and when the sun shines out again, your thrashers will make room for us, and we will help them to make up for lost time."

Without waiting to receive the thanks which were being lavished on him by the farmer, the old man and his sons hastened to join the reapers, with whom they labored until evening. The next morning they returned to their work; and when the harvest had all been safely gathered in, they withdrew to their home without accepting any reward, and seeming utterly unconscious that they had done aught which deserved the smallest praise or approval."

EXPENSE OF WAR.

From a Speech by Mr. Cobden at the Peace Congress in Paris.

The Chairman, on the resumption of the sitting, proceeded to read the fourth resolution, thus worded:—

The Congress strongly disapproves of all loans and taxes destined to promote wars of ambition or conquest.

Mr. Cobden, M. P., presented himself in the tribune, and was received with immense applause. He delivered in French a speech, of which the following is a translation:—I have the honor to submit to your consideration a motion condemnatory of loans for warlike purposes. My object is to promote peace by withholding the sinews of war. I propose that this Congress shall make an appeal to the consciences of all those who have money to lend [hear, hear.] I do not allude to a few bankers who appear before the world as loan contractors. They are the agents only for collecting funds from smaller capitalists. It is from the savings and accumulations of the merchants, manufacturers, traders, agriculturists, and annuitants of civilized Europe, that warlike governments can alone supply their necessities, and to them we will appeal by every motive of self interest and humanity not to lend their support to a barbarous system which obstructs commerce, uproots industry, annihilates capital and labor, and revels amidst the tears and blood of their fellow-creatures. We will do more; we will in every way expose the character and objects, and exhibit to the world the true state of the resources of every government which endeavors to contract a loan for warlike purposes. The time is gone by when barbarous nations devoted to war could conquer civilized Europe, unless, indeed, the latter will be so very complacent as to lend the money necessary for its own subjugation [hear, hear] War has become an expensive luxury. It is no longer a question of bows and arrows, swords and shields [cheers.] Battles are now decided by artillery, and every discharge of a cannon costs from twelve to fifteen francs; I wish with all my heart it was ten times as much [loud applause.] The consequence is, that when countries behind the rest of Europe in civilization enter upon hostilities, they are obliged immediately to draw upon the resources of more civilized states—in other words, to raise a loan; and how is the money thus borrowed from the savings of honest industry expended? What is [illegible] ities of peace! Let us see. I hold in my hand an extract from a proclamation issued at Pesth, dated 19th July, and signed "Haynau." Praying forgiveness for your outraged feelings. I will read it:—

"Any individual who shall, either by word or action, or by wearing any revolutionary signs or emblems, dare to support the cause of the rebels; any individual who shall insult one of my soldiers, or those of our brave allies, either by words or blows; any individual who shall enter into criminal relations with the enemies of the crown, or who shall seek to kindle the flame of rebellion by reports spread for a sinister purpose, or who shall be rash enough to conceal arms, or not deliver them up within the delay fixed by my proclamation, shall be put to death with the shortest possible delay, and on the spot where the crime shall be committed, without distinction of condition or sex."

[Loud cries of "butchers! butchers!"] This was addressed to the inhabitants of Pesth; and a few weeks afterwards the same signature appeared to a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of the countries of the Theiss, from which also I will read a short extract, and which I must declare to be the policy of the devil [loud laughter]:—

"Take care not to incur my vengeance by revolutionary movements. Not being able in such a case to find out the guilty party, I shall be compelled to punish the whole district. If on the territory occupied by my army, or on the rear, any offence shall be committed against my soldiers, or if any of the convoys should be stopped, or a courier, or the transport of provisions prevented, an immediate punishment shall be inflicted on the guilty commune; *it shall become the prey to flames, and it shall be levelled to the ground*, to serve as a frightful example to other communes." [Renewed cries of "butchers!—butchers!"] I ask you while your flesh creeps and your hair bristles with horror at these quotations, has war borrowed any of the charities of Christianity? Have modern warriors repudiated the practice of the barbarians of antiquity? For my part, I can see no difference between Attila and Haynau, between the Goth of the fifth and the Goth of the nineteenth century. But we address ourselves to those who, by their loans really hire and pay the men who commit these atrocities, and we say, "It is you who give strength to the arm which murders innocent women and helpless old age; it is you who supply the torch which reduces to ashes peaceful and inoffensive villages, and on your souls will rest the burden of these crimes against humanity." I shall be told that it is useless to make an appeal to the sensibilities of men who, with money lying unproductive at the bottom of their pockets, are thinking of nothing but five per cent. I will undertake to prove, though I shall not weary you with an opinion upon the subject, that peace will offer a far better field for the employment of the savings of agriculture than the field of battle, and that she will afford a much more profitable investment for the accumulations of industry than in partnership with Haynau and Co. This discussion will be raised again and again in various places. The Congress of Nations will make the tour of the civilized world. You, Frenchmen, and French women, who have received with so much enthusiasm your English visitors, in whose name I thank you—who have known so well how to show the noble zeal in the cause of humanity which has prompted your American guests to cross the great Atlantic—who have welcomed the presence of Germans [illegible] you have imparted to the Peace Congress a great moral power, which its members will endeavor to use for the benefit of humanity. We shall leave you with renewed hope and courage, confident that we have only to persevere resolutely, but legally, and always in a moral sense, and step by step we shall propagate the sublime idea which now reigns in this hall, till it embraces within its influence all the nations of the earth [loud and long continued applause.]

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

What, then, are the characteristics of the Church in Heaven?

1. It is characterized by UNION.

On earth, the uniting principle operates feebly, and inconstantly. In Heaven it acts powerfully and constantly; so that the very basis of the Church in glory is—Union:—a perfectly united condition of the innumerable parts, or members of the glorified Body. There are no SCHISMS in Heaven. The members of Christ do not look on one another with the sickly eye of prejudice, till brother learns to hate his brother. They do not call one another by odious names there, till at length the very *sound* of some two-edged epithet, wounding the heart both of him, who utters, and of him, who receives it, stirs to action most unholy tempers. There are no rival SECTS in Heaven, each striving to build its own, and to demolish the other's house: no dividing walls to prevent Christians from seeing and speaking with Christians: no separate streams of charity, kept by artificial dikes from flowing into one common channel. But LOVE, mighty love, melts down all barriers, opens all hearts, and unites all minds, Love there, is the true "bond of perfectness;" a bond never broken, leaving not a soul out of its sacred zone, but holding ALL in a blest eternal UNION. There, is presented the literal fulness of that, for which the Savior prayed;—"That they ALL may be ONE; as thou, Father art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be ONE in us."—"And the glory, which thou gavest me, I have given them: that they may be ONE even as we are one. I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made PERFECT IN ONE."

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3. SANCTITY is another characteristic of the Church in Heaven.

The members of that Church are not only set apart from common and profane uses, but separated also from every form and degree of sin; not only consecrated as vessels of honor unto God, but also "*meet* for the Master's use." They have nothing wrong in their natures. They do not, it is true, feel like the Angels, who can look up to God, in the sweet consciousness that they have never offended Him: but they do feel like Redeemed ones, who can look up to their Father, with the joyful certainty that He has delivered them from all their offences and made them, once more and forever, perfect in His sight. They hear when it is said; "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them *white* in the blood of the Lamb." These were "redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb. In their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God." To use the Apostle's phrase; "In the body of flesh, through death," Christ hath finally "presented" them to the Father "holy and unblamable, and unreprovable in His sight."

4. Another characteristic of the Church in Heaven is—LIGHT.

I speak not of the light, which visits these poor, feeble eyes of flesh; but of the true light the shining of TRUTH, the light of the *soul*. In Heaven there is no *Error*, nor any to teach error, concerning either God or His ways, either man or his destiny. There is no *ignorance* there, as growing out of the disuse of the faculties of the mind; nor any *mistake*, as originating in that feebleness, which cannot always use those faculties aright. All these forms of darkness are dispersed, "and the true light shineth." Heaven is full of TRUTH, of KNOWLEDGE, and of CERTAINTY. There are no HERESIES in that Church. Nor is there any "seeing through a glass darkly;" all is "face to face:" no "knowing but in part;" all "know even as they also are known." TRUTH, in Heaven, is like a great SEA; fathomless indeed and shoreless, but *transparent* throughout;—and the Christian there is like one, who, from the clear depths, as they reveal to him all their wonders, and who rejoices that there are no limits to his discoveries but those, which lie in the very *boundlessness* of the transparency. This seems to be the mystery, which John saw in the Revelations, when the Heavenly City appeared to him as "pure gold, like unto *clear glass*:" it was the gold of simple TRUTH, translucid to the eye of the spiritual man. A similar mystery came before his eye, when he saw beneath the light of the seven mystic lamps burning "before the throne,—a sea of *glass like unto crystal*; and in the midst of the throne and round about the throne,—four living creatures *full of eyes*:"* it was the transparent sea of TRUTH, spread out beneath the light of God's all-illuminating Spirit, into whose clear depths the eyes of the holy ones are ever looking to wonder and adore.

5. SEPARATENESS is likewise characteristic of the Church in Heaven.

Here, even true Christians are more or less conformed to the world in their tastes, habits, and intercourse. There, even the *spirit* of such conformity disappears. In Heaven, the Church is separate from the world,—not because walls of adamant and gates of brass, have been built between them; nor because measureless space has been interposed to prevent their association;—but because the *desire* to associate is unfelt. Moral differences there are seen in the light, which reveals all things; and being seen, are felt; and the *seen* and *felt* difference between the holy and the unholy, THIS is the wall, which separates their destinies. THIS constitutes the immeasurable distance, which is interposed between their eternal abodes. The voice of God, which separates the wicked from the righteous, is not a sound made in the ear of *sense*, but a conviction uttered into the heart of *conscience*. His segregating power is the light of his truth, shining up and showing all things just as they are; and, with its revealings, sending home into the souls of the holy and the unholy a consciousness of eternal dissimilitude. No where, but in the world of spirits, is that great truth, which Jesus taught, felt in its full power;—"Every one that doeth *evil* hateth the *light*, neither cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made maifest that they are wrought in God."†

6. SOCIAL FELLOWSHIP is still further characteristic of the Church in Heaven.

The members of that Church have "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ," as well as with one another. "The Church of the First-born, whose names are written in Heaven," is also called, "The General ASSEMBLY." It is a COMPANY, and exhibits the perfection of SOCIAL LIFE. It admits of no dissocial grades. Diversities of rank, office, and station may exist there; but if they do, they excite no separating feeling; they oppose no bars to freedom and cordiality of intercourse. There are no artificial restraints, or formalities, or coldnesses, in the society of the "Saints in light." The loftiest spirit there feels no embarrassment in holding open fellowship with the lowliest servant of the Savior; but delights to sit in sacred converse and communion with him at the feet of Jesus.—Among the members of the Church in Heaven, there are no rivalries, no jealousies, no clashing interests, no great families to be built up and enclosed and kept distinct from the poor, the obscure, the unknown. Nothing among them represes the indulgence of mutual sympathies. They are as Jesus requires, "like little children;" and, like little children, they act just as they feel, and feel just as they act. Earthly titles, earthly [illegible] and heavenly [illegible] diligence, and the depressions of the once suffering children of God; and the worshipers in the Heavenly Sanctuary, the guests at the sacrament above, having laid aside these their incumbrances, and dropped all their badges of outward distinction, stand up together in a nobler fellowship than this earth knows,—the fellowship of "the spirits of just men *made perfect*."

7. Thus variously characterized, the Church in Heaven is, still further GLORIOUS. There is a glory in its REST, in its JOY, and in its ACTION.

In its REST, there is glory. No sorrow, no suffering, no tears, no death, darken its radiance. Its repose is the calm, which surrounds the moveless throne of God; a living calm, a repose fearless of interruption.

In its JOY, also, there is glory:—a beaming of "the fulness of God" upon the sanctuary of His chosen. The joy of the Church in Heaven is the sunlight of eternal holiness and eternal happiness, shining through the souls that worship there. It is the everlasting light of God's love in their hearts.

And in the ACTION of the Church in Heaven, there is glory:—the strength, the harmony, the intelligence of a perfect Body, governed by one perfect Head, moved by one perfect will, and tending to one infinite good. The members of that Body are *unfainting* spirits. "They rest not, day and night," in their divine employ. No clogs of sense no burthen of the flesh, no dull, and earthly, and weary affections weigh them down. In their worship they never flag: in their search for knowledge they never tire: and in their labor of love they never grow heartless. Energies

them) our own countrymen; but who will carry to the home of their ancestors, means and facilities for promoting the civilization and Christianization of that continent, which Providence has confided to them and to them alone.

It is unfortunate for the cause of colonization, that it has been considered mainly in direct connection with the condition of the descendants of Africa in this country. I am aware that this was unavoidable under the circumstances of the case. The hope of opening a way to the abolition of slavery, turned the minds of the benevolent to the subject of African colonization in the middle of the last century, but without any attempt, at that time, to carry it into effect. This was the motive. I presume, of most of those, who more than thirty years ago, co-operated in the formation of the American Colonization Society.

But great as this object is, it seems to me subordinate to a direct operation upon Africa itself; the regeneration of which I cannot but think is the path appointed by Providence, for the elevation of the descendants of Africa throughout the world. I am led to the opinion, from all the inquiry I have been able to make, that the difficulty of effecting the regeneration of Africa is exaggerated; that a large part of her population is susceptible of the highest forms of civilization; that the arts of life, as we understand them, already exist in many parts of the continent to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed; that the interior slave trade is the great obstacle which prevents its speedily taking a high place in the family of nations; and that nothing would so effectually remove this cause of demoralization and barbarity, as the introduction of Christianity, and with it the languages, improved arts, and commerce of Europe and America.

These effects have immediately begun to show themselves, wherever the African coast has been colonized from countries disposed in good faith to abolish the slave trade; and I confess I see no other mode for effecting the object.

With cordial wishes for the prosperity of the Society, I remain, dear Sir, your friend and servant,

EDWARD EVERETT.

HON. SIMON GREENLEAF.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, October 13, 1849.

The persons whose names appear on the outside, undertake from this date the editorial charge of the Christian Register. It can add nothing to the merits of our work, to prefix to it any words of profession, purpose, or promise. We will only say, that each individual of our number will endeavour, to the extent of his ability, to make this journal, in vitality, generosity and spiritual fervor, acceptable and useful, and worthy of the helps which are now afforded to a clear understanding and application of the religion of Jesus Christ. Beyond this we leave the paper, from week to week to speak for itself.

INDIFFERENCE AS TO RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

We, who call ourselves liberal Christians, have a right to congratulate ourselves on our freedom from exclusiveness,—on our being wiser than to make our own party shiboleth a test of Christian character. But we are sadly prone to the opposite error of indifference to the truth. We are too apt to say, "no matter what a man believes, if he only lead a good life."

Yet in the very terms in which we are wont to extend our professions of charity, we rebuke all indifference to religious truth. If there be a Romanist, Calvinist, or Universalist, who, having the opportunity for inquiry, has taken his creed solely on trust, can give no reason for it, manifests no strong attachment to it, and does nothing for its maintenance or diffusion, we do not even deem such a man a Christian, and our broadest definitions of Christian fellowship cannot be sufficiently stretched to embrace him. Were we asked for the reasons why we regard as a Christian the man who differs widely from us in doctrinal opinions, we should say: "He has, though it may be under the influence of unconscious prejudices, studied his Bible, and prayed over it. He has reasons for his belief which are satisfying to his own mind. He is honest, sincere, earnest, devout. The doctrines, which we think false are to him an established medium, through which he views and apprehends the truths which we deem essential. On them as a basis he has built up a consistent character, in which we discern many of the surest marks of discipleship. If in error, he yet has conscientiously sought to know the truth as it is in Christ and therefore is he a member of the household of faith." All this we rightly say and feel; but at the same time we tacitly condemn ourselves, if we leave our own religious conceptions vague and unformed, have no reasons for our faith, and cherish no strong attachment to the distinguishing peculiarities of our system.

If we are indifferent, our indifference will not only palliate, but justify the exclusiveness of others. They ought not to respect our lukewarmness. They have a right to be intolerant of our crude, careless, reckless speculations. They ought to depise a creed, which its advocates have neither the wisdom to expound nor the manliless to defend. Would we only advance from our timid apologetic attitude, and show ourselves an honest, earnest, whole-souled body of believers, we should win from the respect of our fellow-Christians that cordial recognition of fraternity, which we can never wheedle out of them, by copying their phrases, or aping their measures, or making a parade of our indifference to the points at issue between them and us.

The attitude of which we complain is peculiarly inappropriate in an age like the present.—These are not times of indifference to any department of knowledge, but of intense and earnest curiosity. Crowds can be drawn together to learn the anatomy of a fish's spine or an insect's wing. The orthography of an antique name or the correction of a date interests multitudes. A new version of some remote incident in history is eagerly sought and read by hundreds and thousands. The most minute investigations are encouraged and rewarded, and those who make the smallest contributions to the world's stock of information are deemed the benefactors of their race. If then accurate religious knowledge and definite religious ideas are held in low esteem by any, it must be because religion itself occupies an insignificant place in their regards. It is in vain to say that the doctrines in the arena of controversy have no immediate connection with the religious life, and relate to subjects on which equally good men hold opposite opinions. We do not contend for uniformity of opinion, but for opinion clear enough to be stated, earnest enough to be maintained, deliberate enough to be defended. We hesitate not to say that decided and established error is better for the individual soul than indifference and vascillation; for these disputed doctrines are, as we have said, the medium, through which we discern and apprehend doctrines that are beyond dispute; and a permanent, transparent medium, though highly colored, is better than one that is dim, hazy or perpetually shifting. Thus, by way of example, prayer occupies the first place among our duties and our privileges, and he who has any fixed conception of the divine nature can pray. The Unitarian can, so can the Trinitarian, who has his sons in the Godhead with reference to human prayer. So can the intelligent Romanist, who discriminates between the classes of petitions for which he may hope for the intercession of saints and angels, and those which are to be addressed immediatoly to God. But what consistency, fervor or satisfaction can there be in the prayers of him, who has no clear idea of the object of worship,—who to-day regards him as undivided unity, to-morrow is perplexed by some abstruse speculation about tri-personality, and the next day is in utter confusion as to the whole subject! Thus, also, gratitude and love to Christ are our sacred duty; and, whatever view we take of his mediation and atonement, he has wrought for us a vast work, which we cannot contemplate without the warmest thankfulness. But if we take no view at all of this work, or vacilitate between the rival theories with regard to it, now inclining to a vicarious atonement, now lapsing towards the opposite extreme, it is impossible that we should make our Saviour the object of any fervent emotion,—our love must be as cold as our faith is vague.

We have made these remarks, (which we may follow by others,) as adapted to meet the sorest evil and greatest danger to which liberal Christianity is exposed. It has nothing to fear from its avowed foes. It gets its worst wounds "in the house of its friends." It demands of them, first, patient verification and clear conception, then, open profession and fearless advocacy.

A DISCOVERY.

Rev. Alexander Q. G. Crawford, of "Jesus College, Cambridge, formerly Curate of St. Mark's Church, Woodhouse, Leeds," has published a pamphlet. It is put forth as a "Tract for the Times." Mr. Crawford informs the world, in a statement not remarkable for its general ability or its acumen, but apparently quite sincere, that he is led to reject the authority of Christ;—and goes on to deny that Christianity is an absolute and perfect religion. His reason for this rejection is that he cannot accept the dogma of the plenary, verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and he does not know how to disbelieve that, and retain his faith in Christ! An instructive fact, for those who maintain that the doctrine of such plenary and verbal inspiration is the only safeguard against infidelity.

Mr. Crawford is certainly very much to be pitied, either as a gentleman whose logical discrimination and critical knowledge are singularly disproportioned to his literary advantages, or else as the victim of a systematic and too successful scheme of false religious education and influences.

But this is not all. Abandoning his confidence in Christianity, Mr. Crawford naturally, looks around him for a substitute. Persuaded that the religion of Jesus is unsatisfactory, he seeks something better. And where does the reader imagine he finds it? In Carlyle's Life of Cromwell! Here he discovers, what has long been a desideratum with a certain class of unbelievers, and what it would have rejoiced the hearts of a host of scoffers from Voltaire down, to be able to invent,—a new, and super-Christian virtue, a grace not inculcated in the New Testament,—a form of excellence superior to that manifested in the character of Christ of Nazareth. Heretofore, the champions of skepticism have been obliged to content themselves with merely asserting the insufficiency of Christianity, without proof. This recent recruit to their ranks has laid his hand on the grand touchstone. And after this manner he makes the stupendous announcement to a benighted christendom:

"Further, the New Testament is *incomplete* as a moral code. To prove this at large were an endless task; I shall content myself with citing one example. Thomas Carlyle says (Hero Worship, Lect. 1), 'the first duty of man is still that of subduing fear: the completeness of his victory over fear will determine how much of a man he is.' Here is a fact of the highest importance, both as a philosophical principle and as a rule of conduct. You may seek it in the New Testament, but you will not find it."

It is a curious question,—and one of which we can only surmise the solution,—with what sort of sensations Mr. Carlyle himself would receive the tribute of his admirer, and find himself brought into this awkward competition with the Evangelists. Mr. Crawford had probably forgotten, what he must have read in the course of his Academic career, in the Greek Testament, if not during his curacy in Leeds,—that the Apostle John wrote such words as these, "He that feareth is not made perfect in love," that the author of the epistle to the Hebrews wrote, "I will not fear what man shall do unto me;" that the Alpha and Omega" is represented in the Apocalypse as saying to the disciple in Patmos, "Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer;" that such sentences as these, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear," "The brethren are bold to speak the word without fear," "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear," "Be not afraid of their terror," are Apostolic sayings. Peter even counsels women not to be "afraid with any amazement." Paul, in his own person, not to speak of his associates, is generally regarded, we believe, as a tolerable example of personal courage. On the whole the Christian martyrs have not been a race of cowards. There is no grosser misrepresentation of the Christian type of character, than that which insinuates that it is deficient in the bolder traits of manliness, bravery, fortitude, hardihood. It would be almost profane, in this connection, to refer to the divine and unequalled courage of the author of our faith, otherwise than to cite that noble passage of his teachings, beginning,—"fear not them which kill the body." Superiority to fear, then, in the very sense in which,—as it would be easy to prove by abundant quotations from his writings,—Carlyle himself uses the expression, is inculcated in the New Testament.

According to Mr. Crawford, "Don't be alarmed," is the sublimest precept in all ethics, the very climax of the super-Christian morality. We can assure both him and our readers that the appearance of his pamphlet, at least, need not occasion any breach of this his favorite maxim.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

We have seen several articles on this subject recently, which seem to take different grounds, but which in fact rest, as it appears to us, on the same basis. One says, "we do not believe in a special Providence because we believe in a general Providence." We say, "we do believe in a special Providence because we believe in a general Providence," just as we believe in God's special cognizance of each separate act because we believe in his Omniscience. The particular is included in the universal. When a particular event is viewed in its connection with God, it comes before us as a special Providence. There are particular events in the lives of most of us, which have had a peculiar influence on our minds and which, therefore, are always regarded by us as brought about by a special Providence. Not that in strict philosophy we consider them any more the immediate acts of God than other events, but in our feelings they so address themselves to us, and it is good for us so to receive them. Our religious, like our social, affections, live not on general ideas but in particular expressions and manifestations of kindness. Whatever most powerfully affects us in our religious experience, and most vividly impresses us with a sense of the divine presence, is to us a special Providence, and it is a poor philosophy that would throw away the strength of the individual impression in order to preserve the completeness of the philosophical idea. A friend, after spending weeks with a very poor family during the prevalence of a fatal epidemic which carried away nearly every one in the house, found herself attacked by the same disease. There was no one in the house and no one living near to help her. She went to the door and called aloud several times, and it so happened that a relative who resided some forty miles off, was at that moment within hearing of her voice, and came to her relief. This, to the day of her death, impressed her as a most touching instance of a special Providence; and no one can tell how much it did to establish in her a trust in God, a devout and cheerful reliance on Him, the most beautiful and affecting that we have ever witnessed. Who will say that her mode of viewing this event was wrong? It *was* a special Providence—one of those special acts of the divine goodness, which so impressed on her mind a sense of God's presence, that always afterwards she saw and felt Him in every event.

Viewed from the central point of influence, all events are parts of the same infinite plan, and brought about by the same divine superintendence and foresight. God's hand is equally in all. But as they present themselves to us, there are some which have a special significance, and which produce on us special religious impressions, and it is well for us to receive them and dwell upon them as special acts of God's Providence. By and by, through them, we shall learn to view all things as from God, and to live as with a constant feeling of his presence. For in this, as in other matters, we rise from the particular to the universal.

There is too much a disposition to lose the thought of God in the uniformity of the laws through which he acts, and to regard the dispensations of Providence merely as a succession of events brought about by the operation of uniform laws. But laws have no inherent force or vitality of their own. They are only the mode of God's action, and it is a truer philosophy to view all things as brought about by the direct action of the Almighty, than to regard them as the result of established laws. Jesus would lead us to our Father, and would have us view all events in their relation to Him. In a Father of boundless wisdom, goodness and love, we are to see a perfect will acting through perfect laws. But the relation which Jesus has revealed between us and Him is that of children to a father. It is well for us to cherish the feelings belonging to this relation, and to let no abstract theories or speculations about law hide from us our Father's face.

PROSPECTS OF FREE INSTITUTIONS IN EUROPE.

The news by the last steamer seems to show that for the present the affairs of Europe have settled down into comparative quietness. Precious as peace is, this is a peace which has its dark as well as its bright side. Order reigns from Moscow to Ireland, but it is a quiet which follows the complete suppression by military force of the efforts of the people in so many lands to recover some portion of their just rights. The immense efforts and sacrifices made during the last year and a half seem at first sight to have been in vain. France has a President as little enamoured of liberty as was the king whom she deposed. Northern Italy has been ravaged and subdued; Rome and Venice have been bombarded and taken; Hungary has been beaten down and delivered over mangled and bound to Austria. On every side the popular cause has been defeated and overborne. Such at least is the first aspect of things.

But as the smoke of war clears off and we can see more distinctly what has been lost and won, there is also a more hopeful aspect of things disclosed. Certainly little has been secured which we at the outset hoped. But if little has been gained in immediate results, the nature and magnitude of the present struggle, like a way-mark, show that Europe is, at the least, much nearer free institutions than at the beginning of the century. And when we consider the necessarily slow progress of nations in freedom, and the preparatory discipline which is needed for its enjoyment, the great cause of liberty has perhaps made as much progress as we could expect, and in some cases as rapid as the condition of the people would lead us to desire. Popular institutions cannot be improvised. To be of any worth they must be the result of national character, and this, when all ideas and habits have been formed under a despotism, must be of slow growth. The prospects of civil liberty depend on the indications that the minds of the great mass are gradually preparing for it. We are therefore by no means to assume that the cause of popular rights is hopeless, because a single battle has been lost, or because victory has for the time everywhere sided with its foes. The real question is whether the people of Europe have in this last great struggle shown more than before, a just appreciation of the nature of freedom and a capacity to defend their rights.

And regarding the subject in this light, we cannot doubt that in the last half century they have made great advances towards more free and equal institutions. The discipline of the past has not been in vain. In France a comparison of the last revolution with the first shows how greatly the capacity for self government has within that time increased; while her millions of landholders are forming a middle class,—the want of which was formerly her weakness,—whose interests are identified with the soil and with public order, and on which free institutions must finally rest for support. Italy has ceased to be merely the land of priests, impoverished nobles, banditti, and opera singers. The more serious spirit of the ancient time is awaking from its long slumber. Venice, in the siege to which she has at length yielded, has exhibited much of that resolute will which formerly made her voice potent in the counsels and contests of Europe; and in Rome the temporal power of the Pope has crumbled and lost its hold on the popular prepossessions, while the inhabitants, conquered but not subdued, have proved that something of ancient Rome besides its ruins is still left. In Germany the people have become conscious of their strength, and the rulers have kept their place by concessions to the popular will. And noble in disaster as in triumph, poor Hungary, crushed under the brutal weight of Russia and Austria, has revealed a spirit in central Europe whose existence was before unsuspected, and which is by no means as yet extinguished. Her armies and fortresses have yielded indeed, but it has been the yielding of an antagonist, which even when beaten will have to be conciliated. It seems not improbable that Georgey's army surrendered not merely because it might soon be obliged so to do, but also because the leaders thought it best to be incorporated again with Austria. The Magyars can neither be made slaves, nor be put to death. In submitting to the Austrian rule they will still remain a numerous and powerful people, who have discovered their power and learned to act in concert, and who having the sympathy of the party of freedom, are more likely to bring about a remodelling of Austrian institutions, than to be enslaved under them. Over Europe the people are becoming imbued with the idea of human rights, and the basis of habit and opinion on which the thrones of despotism have rested, once solid as granite, is crumbling into sand. There is now not merely an outcry for change, but in numberless minds an intelligent demand for reforms which shall proceed on the idea that governments should exist for the benefit of the governed. In this progress of ideas we see the dawnings of a brighter day, sending its light over Europe. Unsuccessful as the late struggles have been in their immediate results, in the course of them the people of Europe have shown a spirit, a sense of the value of human rights, and an intelligence, which notwithstanding the attending mistakes, the inexperience and imperfect apprehension of the real nature of free institutions, furnish auspicious auguries for the future. We believe that Europe has not yet seen her best days, but that the present struggle, though it seem for the moment a failure, is a step upward towards a higher civilization.

No one thing has done more to confirm us in this view than the change which is apparently taking place in the character of public opinion in Ireland. The trumpery eloquence, made up of rant and braggadocio, which instead of proposing any rational plans of improvement, dealt only in indignation against the Saxon, and in a glorification of Irish courage and virtue, seems to have subsided and given place to more serious inquiries into the methods of relieving the wretched island from its miseries. Gavan Duffy has reappeared in the *Nation* with a long address in which he sets forth, as far as it is formed, his plan of national regeneration. He looks forward to Ireland's being finally an independent state, but only at a future time, when the people by a proper course of training shall be prepared for self-government. He repudiates the war policy and the old tactics of agitation. What is wanted is to raise the character of the people. This, according to him, is to be done by education, by improvements in the methods and pursuits of industry, and first of all by improvements in the tenures and cultivation of the land. In these and other ways he hopes to develope and raise the character of the people, and ultimately to convert Ireland into a commonwealth which shall embody the patriot's dreams. This practical way of looking at the subject is quite new among the orators of the O'Connell school. And notwithstanding the horrors of famine, and notwithstanding in large districts the very race of Irishmen seems, through long continued misery, to have dwindled physically as well as mentally below the level of humanity, these more rational views, and this disposition among the popular leaders, not to excite the passions of the people, but to improve their condition, furnish ground for encouragement. In spite of the present woe and desolation, we cannot but think that there is the promise of better times in the fact that the most bitter haters of England have at length reached the idea, that the regeneration of Ireland must be the result, not of repeal and war, but of the improvement of the individual Irishman in condition, intelligence and character.

We copy the following from an exchange.—The poor slaves seem to find a double enemy in the Cholera. An institution of such radical, manifold and systematic enormity as American Slavery, turns, at last, as we see here, even the laws of nature against its victims, and adds the miseries of a degraded physical condition to the direct moral wrongs and cruelties inflicted by its own barbarous cupidity and selfishness.

PRICE OF SLAVES ADVANCING. Upward of ten thousand slaves are reported to have died of cholera in the Southern cities and on plantations.—The supply of the deficiency will be, as usual, principally from Maryland and Virginia, creating an increased demand. The Baltimore Sun says that slaves are already said to be held at a higher value.

CONVERSATION—PREACHING—NEWSPAPERS. "One could take down a book from a shelf ten times more wise or witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous, than any person one is likely to meet with; but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we may happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation; and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book standing on two legs." Vol. ii., p. 364.

This pragraph is taken from the life of Campbell the poet, and it applies not only to conversation, but to living preachers in the pulpit and living editors through the press. Better sermons may be found in books than are usually preached, and better treatises on almost every subject than most editors can prepare are in every good library. But journalists must bring themselves into sympathy with the wants of the day. They must feel the living pulse of the popular mind, and so adapt themselves to it as to preserve it in a healthy state. They must prepare some articles of permanent interest, but many will be of no value to-morrow simply because they are exactly fitted to the exigencies of to-day.

THE SLOW, BUT SURE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

The power of religious prejudices, by which old errors are retained sometimes centuries after the life is beaten out of them, is a remarkable feature in the world's history. But they who are engaged in the onward cause of truth are not therefore to despair. What is false must die, and the religious forms which gather round it as a glory while it lives and embalm it when dead, cannot last always. Every discovery in science, every new insight into the laws of nature, every old manuscript from the Monasteries of the East, every new step in the progress of self-government in the West, may ensure the downfall of some old error that has pressed heavily upon the human soul. We were forcibly reminded of this on reading in the July number of the Edinburgh Review, the article entitled *Corpus Ignatianum*. In the Episcopal controversy much stress has been laid on the epistles of Ignatius, of which no less than fifteen have been brought forward as genuine. At all events, seven, it has been maintained, must be received, and their testimony admitted as of very high authority. But within a few years, among the ancient Manuscripts procured from a convent in Africa, two distinct copies of the epistles of Ignatius are found in Syriac, and they go to show, what some of the ablest scholars had before maintained, that only three of the epistles are genuine; and they consist "of practical, moral and religious exhortations, little calculated to favor the designs or interests of any party." Thus the strongest evidence from the Apostolical fathers for three orders of priests in the Episcopal church—evidence adduced within three years by so able and so candid a writer as Rev. Dr. Stone in his "*Church Universal*," p. 133,—falls to the ground as the spurious testimony of a later age. It is hardly worth our while to refer to authorities of this kind in such works as Carmichael's "Early Christian Fathers." We may be sure that all the interpolations that have been admitted into ancient ecclesiastical writings will be on the side of established errors, and that every new discovery that goes to purify the text, will aid in overthrowing those errors, though in our religion there is such a conservative power, that even falsehoods long connected with it, seem to be endowed with something of its own immortality.

In the same article to which we have already referred, we are glad to find the following passage to which we would call the attention of any who adhere still to 1 John v, 7, as a part of the Bible.

Sir Charles Lyell, says—

"It is well known by those who have of late years frequented the literary circles of Rome, that the learned Cardinal Mai was prevented, in 1838, from publishing his edition of the *Codex Vaticanus*, because he could not obtain leave from the late Pope (Gregory XVI.) to omit the interpolated passages, and had satisfied himself that they were wanting in the most ancient MSS. at Rome and Paris. The Pontiff refused, because he was bound by the decrees of the Council of Trent and of a Church pretending to infallibility, which had solemnly sanctioned the Vulgate; and the cardinal had too much good faith to give the authority of his name to what he regarded as a forgery."—(*A Second Visit to the U. S. of N. America*, vol. i. 223.) The consequence is, that the only Greek edition of the New Testament ever printed at Rome, remains unpublished. No difficulty of the kind would have occurred, if it had been the case of conflicting Palimpsests of Cicero's De Republica. One of the interpoloted passages abandoned by Cardinal Mai still retains its place, we fear, in most Protestant Bibles:—we mean the celebrated verse of the 'Three Heavenly Witnesses.'

[For the Register.]

DENOMINATIONAL NAME.

Will you permit me to express my surprise at the statement near the close of the first article in the Examiner, that, because of the mere name, "Unitarianism" had been obliged to receive into its fellowship "persons who are Unitarians only because they believe in the Unity of God"—and that the cognomen of Liberal Christian might have fenced these heretics out. I cannot understand this, when it is well known that Rationalists and Pantheists have exulted in their public meetings in their being "Liberal Christians," and as such claim fellowship with us. Much as I admire the title, instead of putting one bar up, as the name "Unitarianism" does, it throws the whole fence down, and requires constant explanations to make itself understood. Dr. Follen used to wish that "Liberal" and "Rational" might be combined in some title which would come nearer to a designation than anything we now have. But then, the objection is that it would take in all the "modern school of infidelity," that is, if names have such papal power to open and shut the gates of the church. Nor would any such title take in the "generous and independent Christians of the elder school." They contended for the name of "Christian" alone as a denominational designation, and yet when a body arose, bearing this on its fore-front, these brethren have had far less sympathy with it, than the so-called Unitarians—and I suspect the "Christian Convexion" is as much puzzled to know what the position of these Independents is, as was that Calvinistic church which refused the Christian name to the West Boston Society some time ago.

The truth is, the name "Unitarian" means *something*; and so is infinitely better than that of *Socinius* which we escaped with such difficulty, after the most persevering and unreasonable attempts to fasten it upon us. Who can say this of half the denominational names in the world! What does "Cumberland Presbyterian," or "Tunker," or "Associate Dutch" mean? Nothing intelligible. Some persons enrolled under these sectarian banners cannot for the life of them tell what they mean. May we not rejoice that one of the noblest truths in all revelation, the corner-stone of Judaism, the repeated proclamation of him that spake as never man spake, has become *our* characteristic! Is it not far better than to be named like the Wesleyans from a fallible man, or like the Baptists from an outward form, or like the Quakers from something which has passed away and become forgotten, or as a quack medicine is named, and some sects similarly, "Panacea" because it cures nothing—lucus a non lucendo. Certainly we have no reason to envy our neighbors, or to doubt the wisdom of those, who, shrinking from the family name of some Polish inquirers, the representative of views as different from ours as ours from the Freewill Baptists, were content to wear and adorn another title next assigned by the world. ☞

[We attach little importance to a name. The best names are those which mean nothing. *Unitarian* has just meaning enough to mislead men. We always liked the title which Noah Worcester gave to one of his books, "*Bible News.*" *Bible Christians* would more nearly describe us than any other single term; since the one great point on which we insist beyond all others is the sufficiency of the Scriptures as a rule of faith and practice to all who honestly receive and study them. All who receive this doctrine, whether Unitarian or Trinitarian, stand upon the same broad platform, and we would gladly recognize them as brethren.

We are happy to learn that the ladies of the Unitarian Society in East Cambridge have presented to their Pastor, who has been compelled by ill health to resign his office, a beautiful silver Pitcher and Salver, with the following inscription.

PRESENTED
TO
REV. DR. INGERSOLL,
By the Ladies of his Society, Cambridge.
"*We thank God upon every remembrance of you.*"

☞ We have received a further communication from Mr. H. B. Brewster, and would barely say, that while we sympathise with him in his objects and feelings we cannot ourselves become a party, as we should in some measure by publishing his letter, in a controversy so almost entirely personal as that which would be likely to ensue. We would commend his labors in behalf of seamen to the public.

☞ We learn from the New Church Repository that Mr. Hayden, Swedenborgian, is about to publish a small volume of essays on the Incarnation and Atonement with special reference to Dr. Bushnell's views.

The Rev. Mr. Larnard, who has been preaching at Tremont and Pekin, Ill., is about leaving that field of labor on account of ill health.

☞ Rev. Dr. Woods of Andover has published the first of a series of five volumes octavo, containing his lectures on systematic Theology.

INSTALLATION OF REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD,

AS PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

An unexpectedly large and most encouraging number of the brethren assembled in New York on this occasion. Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Buffalo, Albany, were represented by the Pastors of our churches, and in some cases by delegates. A large deputation from Providence and Boston swelled the Council to a number not often surpassed on similar occasions in the happy districts where our faith prevails. The interest manifested by the brethren from a distance on this occasion, was one of the most cheering and auspicious signs.

The Council met on Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Dr. HALL was chosen Moderator. The President of the Board of Trustees, Richard Warren, Esq., read from the records the correspondence between the Church of the Messiah and the Westminster Congregation, eminently creditable to both Societies, and also that between the Society in New York and Rev. Mr. OSGOOD, which were entirely satisfactory. After the vote of thanks to the Westminster Society, expressive of the sense entertained by the Council of the generosity and Christian spirit manifested by that Congregation in relinquishing their Pastor at what was deemed the call of duty, and after appointing the Public Exercises, the Council declared itself ready to proceed to the Installation, at the designated hour.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., immediately upon the adjournment, gave a cordial invitation to the clergymen and delegates, and about a dozen members of the Church of the Messiah, to dine with him at the New York Hotel, at 3 o'clock. At about half-past 3, a company of not less than fifty sat down there to an elegant dinner. Rev. Mr. OSGOOD asked a blessing. After an animated discussion of the bill of fare, Mr. WARREN opened the higher pleasures of the occasion by a neat and hearty speech, addressed mainly to the Pastor elect, who occupied the chair on his right, welcoming, in the most affectionate terms, the new Pastor, but paying a merited and feeling tribute to him whose labors in that pulpit were now to conclude.

Rev. Mr. OSGOOD replied in a simple and touching address, which did as much credit to his heart as to his talents.

Dr. DEWEY was called out, and said a few words of gratitude for the past, and of encouragement and hope for the future.

Rev. Mr. BELLOWS, Dr. GANNETT, Dr. PUTNAM, Dr. BURNAP, Deacon GREELE, Rev. Mr. HOSMER, F. PELL, Esq., Dr. ELIOT, Rev. Mr. FARLEY, succeeded in short and rapid speeches—all expressing confidence, hope, satisfaction in the connection about to be formed, testifying to the high character and useful labors of the pastor elect, in the places where he was best known, declaring their sense of the importance of this field of labor, and professing an interest in our pulpits, somewhat overwhelming to their occupants. Altogether the dinner was one of the most pleasant, the most successful, and the most substantially useful occasions of the kind, we have ever attended. It redounded to the liberality of the host who had volunteered such a wide and elegant hospitality, to the alacrity and self-sacrificing zeal which had brought so many distant brethren together, and to the good sense and kind Christian feeling of the company assembled. It was not till half-past six o'clock, that the dinner-table was deserted, and then only on account of the rapidly approaching public services.

EVENING EXERCISES.

The church was densely filled at an early hour, with an audience composed largely of the congregations of our three sister churches, but embracing, also, a goodly number of members, clerical and laic, of other denominations. The array of our own clergy, gathered from even the most distant points, showed that the importance of a solemnity which was to accredit a new pastor in the pulpit long filled by Dr. DEWEY, was not unrecognized. The pulpit was occupied by the gentlemen, eight in number, who were to take part in the exercises: Drs. DEWEY, PUTNAM, GANNETT and HALL, Mr. HUNTINGTON, Mr. FARLEY, Mr. BELLOWS, and the pastor elect; while in other parts of the church were Dr. PARKMAN, Dr. BURNAP, Dr. FURNESS, Mr. W. WARE, Mr. LOTHROP, Mr. KNAPP, of Nantucket, Mr. STONE of Feltville, Mr. EVERETT, late of Northfield, Mr. HOSMER, Mr. TAGGART, Mr. J. BUCKINGHAM, Mr. ALLEN, of Washington, and Mr. ELIOT, of far St. Louis. Perhaps it was the unusual sight of so many clergymen of our faith convened on such an occasion, but certainly it seemed as if the sympathetic warmth was greater than can ordinarily be expected when ceremonies which have long lost their novelty, bring people together with some toil and fatigue from distant points. But, no, we can hardly err in saying that something above common sympathy animated the faces of the brethren as they gathered about the candidate, and the high and solemn strains of the organ-voluntary—solemn, but not sad—gave but appropriate voice to the feelings of our hearts. The anthem

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!"

was nobly sung. It is fine cathedral music, full of grand harmonies and suggestive of sanctuary thoughts.

After a short introductory prayer by Dr. PUTNAM, another anthem was sung:

"Holy—holy—holy, Lord God of Hosts,"

which ushered in the reading of appropriate passages from the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, by the Rev. Mr. FARLEY, and at the conclusion of these, the Hymn

"O Lord! lift up Thy countenance,"

was sung by choir and congregation.

Dr. DEWEY then took the pulpit, and enchained the audience for an hour and a quarter with a sermon which they will long remember, from 1 Corinthians, 2—4: "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." The speaker began with a most touching reference to his own ministrations—their anxieties and their joys—with an honest and manly acknowledgment of his own efforts, and a grateful recognition of the kindness and affection of his people. This brief advertence over, he proceeded to give what was, in fact, the "charge to the people," sometimes forming a separate portion of the exercises on occasions like this. A warm and eloquent persuasion to the adoption of religion, as the chief end and aim of life; an exhortation to man, as the noblest of God's creation, to remember his exalted and immortal destiny; a picture of the degrading power of sin; an avowal of faith, in terms sublime in scriptural simplicity—these were included, in a discourse of which it would be vain to attempt even the slightest sketch here, and which we must leave to the more deliberate press, which will probably give its substance to the public, though those who lose the charm of Dr. DEWEY's highly finished, and most effective delivery, can never be sensible of the interest with which it was listened to.

Dr. GANNETT offered the solemn prayer of Installation, after which the anthem

See what love the Father has bestowed on us,"

was sung by the choir, whose performance of the music of the evening it would be unjust to pass without commendation. The harmonies bore testimony to ample practice, and the solos were sung with great sweetness and delicacy. The selection, too, was excellent.

The Charge to the Pastor, by Dr. HALL, of Providence, so long a neighbor and coworker with Mr. Osgood, was in a most fraternal spirit, the speaker disclaiming utterly the part of teacher, and using the opportunity rather in general remarks on the duties, dangers, and hopes of the new office, than in exhortations which could hardly be needed by an honored pastor of twelve years' experience.

Mr. BELLOWS followed in the short address usual in offering the Fellowship of the Churches, his long and intimate friendship with the candidate rendering unnecessary for him any thing but the simplest expression of his feelings on welcoming Mr. Osgood to his side in this great and arduous field of duty—a "true yoke-fellow."

Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, of Boston, offered the closing prayer, after the singing of another anthem. "How lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of Peace!" the music, full of a gentle sweetness, very expressive of the devout sentiment. The whole congregation joined in singing, "From all that dwell below the skies," and a benediction from the new Pastor brought the services to a close—every heart and voice bearing testimony to the general satisfaction. The spirit of the occasion was gratifying indeed. It was as if the prayer to the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into the harvest had been made and answered, and the "other disciples" had met to express their joy and gratitude. So auspicious a beginning must needs cheer the new reaper far on his way. May he live and labor "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye," and at the close of his ministry "come with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him."

We conclude with a sincere apology for the utter inadequacy of these notes, necessarily hurried in order to be crowded into this week's paper, for the benefit of distant subscribers. [Christian Inquirer.

A paragraph like the following, copied from the "Church and State Gazette," certainly shows a strong mixture of pompousness and charity, man-worship and condescension. The fact it states, of performance is excellent. But is not the omission which the very mention of such an incident implies,—as if the rarity of it pushed into notice an act that *ought* to be as frequent as Bishops' dinners, something mournful? How would the sentence look, just as it stands, at the close of one of the chapters of the Evangelists?

The Bishop of Salisbury, attended by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, waited on the inhabitants of Fisherton, afflicted with cholera and diarrhœa, on Saturday week, to inquire into cases of distress, and to relieve their temporary wants from his lordship's purse, and to give them permission to send to the palace for such nourishing things as may be prescribed by the medical attendants. Between the services on Sunday the visit was kindly repeated."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER. By Henry Newman Philomath.

A palpable rejuvenescence and reappearing of the identical little ill-used, dog-eared, blue-covered, sheep-skin-backed champion of juvenile orthodoxy, just four inches square by Gunter, beginning with an amiable portrait of John Hancock, and ending with "The late Reverend and Venerable Mr. Nathaniel Clap, his advice to children," out of which we used, something more than a quarter of a century ago, on hallowed Saturday evenings, to imbibe the mature opinions of the "Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster," and receive such "sincere milk of the word" as oozes from the proposition that "all mankind sinned in Adam," "fell with him," "lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to the miseries in this life, to death itself and to the pains of hell forever." In these pages, curiously bestrewn with things hideous and lovely, truly simple and abstrusely false, we are still informed that

"Young Obadias,
David, Josias,
All were pious;"

and that "the patientest man" was Job; we still weep over the beautiful and touching Cradle Hymn of Dr. Watts, bringing back the memory of a mother's whisper, more precious than all that life has given since. Matyred John Rogers still looks serenely forth from the blazing faggots on his rather theatrically disposed wife and children, happily ignorant of the erudite controversy that Dr. Humphrey and other learned antiquarians will wage about the number of his offspring (as if one, less or more, were of any sort of consequence after getting into decimals;) and probably timid and nervous youths still shudder over the appalling "Dialogue between *Christ, Youth and the Devil.*" It is sufficient honor for any one book to have communicated to the world the immortal stanza,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.,

which John Quincy Adams is said to have repeated every evening, to his dying day.

SUCCESS IN LIFE. THE MERCHANT. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Putnam, New York. 12 mo.

This is the first work of a series. Its moral purpose is to stimulate young men in business to the right kind of effort, and to persuade them to practise the virtues that befit their profession. The style is sprightly, and can hardly weary readers that are least capable of concentration. A large number of examples of distinguished and honorable merchants, mostly Americans, are adduced to illustrate the several traits which are the conditions of mercantile distinction, with graphic sketches of their history and character. Mrs. Tuthill is frequently quite sententious and epigrammatical, and never dull; e. g. "Perseverance is a linked chain, which grapples to the goal of success with hooks of steel." "*I can* and *I will* are a strong couple when yoked together; but disjointed by an *if* they become as weak as a rope of sand." We suspect our readers would be led to believe, from a "course of Religious Reading" that she quotes with approbation from the late Mr. Grimke, either that the acquaintance of both with theological literature has been sadly limited, or else that their tastes and affinities are not the broadest. The only authors they recommend, under this head, except the writers of the Bible,—are Horsley, Butler, Paley

The Peace Manual, on War and its Remedies. Published by the American Peace Society. J. P. Jewett & Co.

It becomes the advocates of a cause that represents one of the purest and noblest organized efforts of modern philanthropy to avail themselves a little more of the wisdom of this world in the outward appearance and "clothes philosophy" of their publications. We hardly meet with any specimens of paper, type and binding less attractive than the issues of the Peace Society. This little work of Mr. Beckwith's contains facts and arguments enough, and forcibly enough put, to convert any reader of it in Christendom to the doctrines of Peace. But to presume that any body, except a Peace Orator hunting statistics, could read it through, *in its present form*, would be a piece of incredible credulity.

The Fellows' Offering. Edward Walker, New York.

The first of the Annuals for 1850, that we have seen, and probably not the poorest of the host that are to be. It is little good, probably, that our notice can do any of them; and we take this occasion to say to all publishers, in advance, that though we will cheerfully record at least the titles of such as are sent to us, we shall not probably read one of them quite through. We respect all endeavors to cultivate a literary taste among the members of the Order of Odd Fellows. This annual is calculated to be popular among them, and we have read enough of it to see that it can be none of them any harm. The contributions are quite various, and several are from writers of known character and ability. Most of the engravings are pleasing; but the illustrated titlepage is foolish.

Divine and Moral Songs for the use of Children. By Isaac Watts, D. D. With thirty illustrated drawings on wood by C. W. Cope, A. R. A., and engraved by John Thompson. London: John Van Voast. 1848, pp. 94.

We desire no better book than this for children. A few *things we should like* to omit; but there is no religious poetry that we are so glad to have our children learn; and certainly there is no edition of these poems that we have seen, which in beauty of paper, type and illustrations, is to be compared with this. An edition of the book has been imported by Little & Brown.

Memoir of Edward Rawson, &c., with genealogical notices of his descendents. By Sullivan S. Rawson. 1849. pp. 146.

This very neatly printed and carefully prepared volume is one of the best of a class of books which do much to keep alive a knowledge of the past. The names of 1458 decendants of Edward Rawson are here recorded. There have been among them men distinguished in all the different walks of life. Many were ministers. One, though a farmer, "could manage a cause in a court of justice with ability, and preach a good sermon." The following anecdote of one of the ministers has appeared in some of the newspapers.

Pointed Sermons. More than one hundred years ago, there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog shop, he one sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "and I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very *moving* character, so much so that many of his hearers rose and left the house in the midst of the sermon. A short time afterwards, the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first from the text, "And they, being convicted out of their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor."

North American Review for October, 1849.

It requires no word from us to recommend this long established, and most acceptable of American Reviews.

OUTRAGE AT ROME.

The *Christian Witness*, of this city prefaces the following account of an affair of which our readers know something, with these just remarks:—

"The day was, when the incarceration and torture and death of a thousand of the best of nature's noblemen would not have caused any essential disturbance of the public mind. But thank Heaven, that day is past,—gone by forever.

Should the papal power make any serious attempt to return to the cursed cruelties of the Inquisition, it would take more bayonets than infidel France can muster, to keep his holiness in the Vatican.

The citizens of Rome would not be left to struggle single-handed and alone; a crusade for the release of the captives would be as popular and as ardently embraced by thousands, as was that of the eleventh century, for the rescue of the holy city, from the grasp of Mussulman rule."

Dr. Giacinto Achilli has been arrested in Rome and thrown into the Inquisition. At eleven o'clock P. M., on Monday, the 30th of July, three men in plain clothes took him into custody in the house where he was staying. They stated that they did so by order of the French prefect. They had no paper of authority whatever—in other words, Dr. Achilli has been imprisoned without any warrant, in the name of the representative of the French Republic. The government of the city of Rome was, in point of fact, at that time in the hands of the authorities appointed by Gen. Oudinot. There is reason, however, to believe that the name of the French prefect has been fraudulently used by authority of the Cardinal Patrizi, vicar-general of Rome, who had just returned to the city, but who apparently possessed no legal power at the time. Dr. Achilli has been cast into one of the secret dungeons of the holy office. Our readers are aware that in these same dungeons the bones and other remains of former victims were brought to light in the beginning of 1849. The following is an extract from a confidential letter from Dr. Achilli, dated July 12. After referring to the amount of French forces in Rome, he adds; "I shall take advantage of these circumstances not to move from my post. I have never mixed myself up in political affairs—much less shall I do so now. My mission is too innocent to cause me any fear till the return of the Pope." Dr. Achilli placed full confidence in the honor and loyalty of the French authorities to protect equally Catholics and Protestants so long as the administration rested with them.

Dr. Giacinto Achilli is a Protestant of above five years' standing. Formerly "Vicar of the Master of the Holy Palace," under Gregory XVI., Professor of Theology, and Professor of Moral Philosophy at the College of the Minerva, he subsequently became a Protestant, and is well-known both in England and in many other parts of Europe as one who from conscientious motives had quitted the Roman Catholic Church. He exercised the right which the *de facto* constitution of Rome gave him to take up his residence there, and to labor in the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures and in the propagation of his principles among those who were disposed to hear him. We understand that steps are being taken to bring the political question before the proper department of the French government. The name of the French Republic has been used to re-open the diabolical tribunals of the holy office, an eminent Protestant theologian has been thrust into an inner dungeon in the name of France. It cannot be that France—that M. de Tocqueville, the panegyrist of American liberty—that Louis Napoleon, the representative of universal suffrage—can suffer such an atrocity to pass unnoticed and unpunished! We shall see.

THE REMAINS OF WHITEFIELD.

The Newburyport Herald, of yesterday, publishes the following interesting letter, from one of the clergymen of that town:

It is well known to many of this community that one of the principal bones of Whitefield's right arm has been missing from among the remains of that eminent saint, deposited in the vault under the first Presbyterian church in this town.

Philip, one of his biographers, thus speaks of the fact in the year 1837. "About two years ago a visitor in London invited me to see a "curiosity, sure to gratify me." He mistook my taste. I went, and he placed on the table a long narrow box defying me to guess its contents. I had no need to guess or hesitate; I said it contained the right arm of George Whitefield. I have known for ten years that it was in your possession." (See Life and times p. 527 Appleton's edition.)

It will be gratifying to all who reverence the name of the great preacher to be informed, and the information seems due to the sacredness with which the remains of the dead ought to be regarded,—that the long absent relic after twice crossing the Atlantic, and performing a pilgrimage of at least a quarter of a century, has at length found its way back to its original resting place.

A few days since, a carefully sealed package was placed in my hands, which, on opening it, I discovered to contain a small box with a sliding lid, corresponding exactly to the "long narrow box" described above, with a note addressed to me as a pastor of the church, of which the following extract will exhibit the purport.

"Some years ago a brother clergyman was requested to obtain an original letter of the dear and honored Whitefield for me, which he thought he could easily do. He failed however in the attempt; but to my great surprise and mortification sent me what he called a precious relic of the holy man of God, one of his bones! and precious it is, but it was of "too sacred a nature to expose to the public eye, and I have preserved it hoping to restore it to its proper place with my own hands. This I must now intrust to you, and I shall be happy to learn from you that it has been done."

The trust thus committed to me, I am happy to say has been discharged. The venerable relic was conveyed to the vault where its kindred remains lie, and in the presence of the sexton of the church and the parish committee, restored to its place yesterday,—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

As it seems not proper that names should be mentioned in this matter, I would only beg leave to add, that the gentleman by whom the restoration has been made is known by reputation to me and others in this community, and the worth of his character is a sufficient guarantee that the transaction is genuine, and the motives which have influenced his course honorable and sincere.

Jonathan F. Stearns.

Newburyport, Sept. 28, 1849.

[We have received from Portland an account of the doings of the Convention up to Wednesday evening. It is so late in the week that we shall not hear again before the present number of the Register is printed. In the next number, however, we shall lay before our readers a full narrative of the proceedings of this unusually interesting meeting.

NINTH AUTUMNAL CONVENTION.

Portland, Tuesday } Evening, Oct. 9th, 1849. }

Dear Sir:—The arrival of the cars from Boston, this morning, collected a large number of our friends from different places, who had been attracted hither by the preparations already announced for the regular autumnal convention of the Unitarian churches. We were gratified with witnessing the interest which this announcement had awakened, and esspecially that it had called many from distant places, whose presence at our gatherings is always a source of unmingled pleasure and gratification to their brethren in New England. The hospitalities of our friends in this city received and welcomed us upon our arrival, and soon we were all established in as comfortable quarters as though we had always belonged here and had only come to the firesides of our own families.

At half past three oclock the convention was called to order by the Rev. James W. Thompson, D. D., of Salem, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and upon motion, William Willis, Esq., of Portland, was appointed Chairman, and Jedediah Jewett, Esq., of Portland, Secretary pro. tem. The Rev. Dr. Kendall, of Plymouth, was then invited to invoke the Divine blessing upon the doings of the Convention. The next business in order was the appointment of a Committe to nominate officers for the permanent organization of the Convention, and upon motion to that effect the Chairman nominated the Rev. Drs. Gannett of Boston and Hall of Providence, Rev. Mr. Waterston of Boston, Hon. Joseph C. Noyes and Charles S. Daveis, Esq., of Portland, to act as such Committee.

The Chairman then informed the Convention of the order of proceedings, which had been arranged for the various meetings; namely, a discourse in the Park Street Church this evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester, a meeting in the Church of the First Parish to-morrow morning for discussion and whatever business may be presented by the committee of arrangements.—At five o'clock to-morrow afternoon a collation in the Exchange Hall; and at a quarter before eight to-morrow evening a discourse by Rev. Mr. Weiss, of New Bedford in the church of the First Parish.

Having said thus much the chairman remarked that all that was usual to be done on the first assembling of these conventions had been completed; but as there was so much time before them and so many good laborers had come hither, he hoped they would not at once separate, and while the bright autumnal sun was still shining upon them that a spirit of true Christian light would shine in upon the hearts of all present.

Upon this invitation, the Rev. Dr. Nichols arose and addressed the convention in a fervent and eloquent manner upon what he understood to be the purposes and intents of their coming together at this time. He was most unexpectedly gratified at the sight of so many present on this occasion, and he hoped the meeting would prove as pleasant and satisfactory to all, as it already was to the brethren and churches in Portland.—We all have need of sympathy as to the profession to which he belonged, it was one which continually forced upon the incumbent the thought of the Apostle, "who is sufficient for these things!" and we cannot be impressed with this too much. Christians are but instruments in the hands of Providence for carrying out the designs of creation, for the promotion of the moral and spiritual development of man. This was the great object of creation, and while no revelation had been expressly made for anything else, there had been a revelation made to effect this purpose in the heart and life and character of man.

The Christian ministry is a ministry of the spirit, and it is in the understanding of the teachings of the spirit in nature, in the scriptures, in human consciousness and experience that the great bond of fellowship between Christians is found. The letter divides the churches and separates individuals from one another; but the spirit is not to be found in any logical interpretation of the letter, in any exact announcement of a creed, in any dogmatic utterance of doctrine, but by the comparison of one part of scripture with another, and these with the teachings of God in nature and in the consciousness of the soul itself. Where there are fifty who claim to understand the letter, there are thousands who apprehend the spirit in all denominations, and this forms a bond of union and fellowship between them however else they may be set at variance.

He therefore urged the ministry of the spirit upon his brethren. But we have no time to recall now the whole of this exceedingly interesting address, which was listened to with profound attention and left an impression, which, if we mistake not, will give a tone to all the future meetings of this Convention.

A few moments of silence ensuing, the Rev. Dr. Gannett arose and remarked that he could account for the stillness that pervaded the assembly. We were all taken by surprise, at former conventions, there had been resolutions before them to which the brethren could speak, and thus a field for remark had been opened. Our friend, who had just taken his seat, had indeed opened to us a field upon which we might enter, yet he was sure we should find it difficult to speak with the eloquence and spirituality which he had displayed. For his own part he had nothing to say except briefly to allude to the purposes of this convention. It was a meeting for free and spontaneous expression of thought. It was a peculiarity of such conventions that there was nothing formal about them, they have for their purpose social religious improvement and general spiritual progress. Those who by choice had been led into the ministry and those who had been called into other fields of labor were here brought together. The usual formalities and distinctions were set aside, they came as Christans merely and not as clergy and laymen, and he hoped that all who were present, would not feel it a right and a privilege to speak, but that an obligation was upon them to do so. It was not a clerical meeting and though he was happy to see so many of the clergy from abroad, he could not but remark that they were not the persons who should be expected to take any large and active part in these proceedings.

Dr. Gannett continued his remarks by giving a brief history of these conventions. Their origin was merely incidental and informal. It was thought that the interval between the usual anniversaries was too long for the denomination to be separated and debarred from the interchange of thought and congratulations, and as the regular anniversary took place in Boston, it was proposed it should go somewhere else, to Worcester, for instance, and hold an autumnal meeting.—The hint, or the proposal was accepted, and such a meeting was had, and it proved to be both pleasant and profitable. Among other agreeable recollections of that occasion was the fact of Henry Ware's presence, by which all similar gatherings, he could not but feel, had been hallowed to the hearts of the brethren. From that time these conventions, had been continued, and this one was the ninth in succession. They had all maintained the character first alluded to, that of free meetings; every person present had uttered what he desired; there had been great variety of topics discussed in the exercise of Christian charity to all denominations. Though there had been plain speaking, and confidence in our own theological opinions and belief. There had been differences of opinion, as there always would be when men speak honestly, but there was always respect for one another, despite such difference. The religious sentiment had always been deepened, the spiritual life had been built up. They had not perhaps returned from such gaterings wiser theologians, or more zealous in labors of philanthrophy, but with a deeper sense of responsibility as creatures of God, and for himself he had wished that this should always be the character of these conventions. The meeting at Providence was the more satisfactory, because it was truly spiritual, a meeting for the quickening of faith in God, and of duty to Christ; a meeting in which both men and women were taught that they must walk by religious faith through all the scenes of life, and regard religion as the great purpose of life itself. He hoped the same spirit and feeling would control the present convention, communicate the same purpose, and direct all our hearts to God; for it is religion that had called us together, and what, he would ask, is religion? It is that state of mind and heart in which God is felt, not as a chilling influence, not in silencing the emotions of the heart, but making it free and strong;—when he who speaks is glad to say something of the relations that bind him to the Infinite Being.

We are obliged here to cut short our detail of the proceedings of the convention, and conclude our notice with merely stating that a discourse was delivered in the evening by Mr. Hill, according to the previous announcement, to a crowded audience. Subject, the responsibleness and fidelity of the Chirstian ministry.

The Polanen Chapel at Bridgeport, Ct., was dedicated on Thursday, the 4th. The order of services was as follows. Introductory Prayer by Rev. H. W. Bellows of New York. Selections from Scripture by Rev. J. Richardson of Haverhill—Prayer of Dedication by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D. of Boston. Sermon by Rev. F. A. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y. Concluding Prayer by Rev. F. Parkman, D. D. of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Dewey preached in the evening.

☞ WORCESTER AND WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATIONS. There will be a union meeting of the Associations at Barre, on Monday, Oct. 15th, at 4 P. M.
HENRY F. BOND,
oct13 Scribe of W. W. A.

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION: There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, Oct. 15th, at the Vestry of the Freeman Place Church, at 7 o'clock.
Question: Should the intercourse of Sunday School teachers with their pupils be confined to the Sabbath?
oct13 T. GAFFIELD, Secretary.

☞ NOTICE. The "Liberal Christians," residing in the valley of the Connecticut, are hereby invited to meet in Conference in the meeting-house of the Third Congregational Society in Springfield, on Wednesday, the 17th day of October, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 16th, the Unitarians of Springfield and its vicinity are called together by the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association to consider the enterprises of that body. oct13

☞ THE MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY, will hold its Eighth Annual Meeting at the South Congregational Church, Lowell, (Rev. Mr. Miles's), on Wednesday, the 17th instant, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Annual Report of the Secretary on the condition and prospects of the several Schools will be presented in the morning, and a discussion will be held. The officers of the Society will be elected.

At 2, P. M., the Society will assemble for Public Worship. A Sermon will be preached by Rev. George Putnam, D. D. Teachers and Friends of the Sunday School are invited to attend. FREDERIC A. WHITNEY,
oct6 2is Sec'y M. S. S. Soc'y.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 4th inst, by Rev Mr Fox, Mr David W. Foster to Miss Sarah E. Abbott.

7th inst, by Rev P. D. Huntington, Mr Henry Allen to Mrs Hannah C. Dodge.

10th inst, by Rev J. T. Sargent, Mr Joseph Cuzens to Mrs Susannah Adams.

9th inst, by Rev Mr Pike, Thomas E. Moseley of Dorchester to Mary, daughter of Edward Crehore, Esq., of this city.

In Woburn, 1st inst, Mr James G. Shute to Miss Harriet N. Horn.

In Marblehead, Seth Ames, Esq., of Cambridge, to Miss Abigail Fisher, daughter of Rev. Samuel Dana, of M.

On Sunday, by Rev Mr Huntoon, Mr Benjamin Wormstead, to Mrs Abigail Lamey.

In Gloucester, 9th inst, by Rev F. T. Gray, Mr L. H. Bradford of Boston to Miss Martha Brown, daughter of Capt Stephen Brown of G.

In Cavendish, Vt., 2d inst, Mr Franklin Rice of the firm of P. & F. Rice, Boston, to Miss Rhoda, only daughter of William Smith, Esq., of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, 5th inst, Helen L. Hall, wife of S. David Leavens, 48.

6th inst, of croup, Elizabeth Power, daughter of Moses and Frances Kimball, 4 yrs 7 mos.

4th inst, at the residence of her son, (Rev Edward N. Kirk,) Mrs Mary Kirk, 75.

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Massachusetts Cincinnati. The Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, in conformity with a vote of the Society, give notice to the widows and orphans of deceased members, and to such of their brethren needing assistance, to make application to either of the Committee, on or before November the first, 1849. The Committee, Messrs. Robert G. Shaw, John Bryant, Wm. Perkins, Thos. Jackson, Adams Bailey, John Homans, Henry K. Hancock, James W. Seaver, and Thos. Seward, all of Boston; James Lovell, of Charleston, S. C.; Alfred L. Baury, of Newton, Henry A. S. Dearborn, of Roxbury; Lovett Peters, of Westborough; Charles S. Davis, of Portland; Seth Drew, of Kingston; Edmund T. Hastings, of Medford; Zibeon Hooker, of Sherburne, and Elijah Vose, of Dorchester, are, by this advertisement, notified to meet in the United States Hotel, in this city, on THURSDAY, November the first, 1849, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

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oct13 is 13 20 27

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[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

"Gold Plate Work in Dentistry. Those who are interested in the onward progress of the mechanical part of dentistry, will read the communication from Dr. Morton, in the Journal, of May 23d, with much satisfaction. We recently examined a specimen of the beautiful philosophical contrivance referred to, by which a plate, fitted to the roof of the mouth, actually sustained a weight of ten pounds, by the mere pressure of the atmosphere. If it is an old principle, it is certainly a very admirable one, which in this particular application, commends itself at sight. If our operators would obviate the swaying, sliding movement, which the tongue, in an imperfect cast of the region, gives to an upper set of artificial teeth, they would at once be influenced by the suggestions contained in this article. Dr. Morton deserves the thanks of practitioners and the public for this improvement in the practice of dentistry."

[From the Christian Register.]

"The publisher of this paper would bear testimony to the successful operation of this invention, having, on a recent occasion, tried with his own hands, to remove one of these plates, and found himself unable to do it without applying more strength than he deemed prudent, though requested so to do. The opinion of the conductors of the Medical Journal, as to the importance of this invention, will be confirmed by the following quotation from a letter lately received by the proprietor of the Christian Register, from a highly respectable gentleman in Vermont, to whose wife a set was applied.

"The manner of fitting gold plates for the insertion of teeth, by Dr. Morton, as witnessed by you the other day, was recently put to a very severe test. A staple was soldered to the plate before it was inserted in the mouth, and the following weights were raised upon the patients' erecting the head, after a string had connected them together, without detaching it from the jaw. First, 1 lb.; 2nd—2 lbs.; 3d—5 lbs; 4th—7½lbs.; 5th—10 lbs. No heavier weight was attached, as it was feared it would irritate the jaw too much."

[From the Boston Courier.]

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[From the Daily Evening Transcript.]

"Gold Plates in Dentistry. We have witnessed a very perfect contrivance recently effected by Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, by which gold plates are adapted to the roof of the mouth, so that an upper set of teeth is retained in its place without the aid of rivets or appliances of any kind, by the simple power of atmospheric pressure. So firmly was the plate attached by this process, that we could not by a strong pull with one hand, detach it from the mouth of the subject. The tenacity is such that the plate sustains a weight of many pounds without losing its hold. The process is as beautiful as it is simple."

[From the Boston Atlas.]

"We had an opportunity, a few days since, of examining the adaptation of a gold plate to the roof of the mouth of a young lady. It was done by Dr. Morton of this city, and reflects the highest credit on his skill, as a practical and scientific dentist. The plate was fitted with the most perfect exactness, and retained in its place with the greatest firmness, upon the principle of atmospheric pressure. Dr. Morton has succeeded perfectly in calling into requisition the element in which we live and move to aid in thus supplying a defect of nature upon a very simple, and at the same time, ingenious process. He deserves the thanks of the community for this successful application of his philosophic mind to the alleviation of the misfortunes of his fellow beings, and to add another laurel to his brow, as a benefactor of mankind."

[From the Boston Weekly Journal.]

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[From the Christian Alliance and Family Visiter.]

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POETRY.

GONE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning on,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

One young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay,
No shadow from the silent hand,
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she heeded not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look:
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer
And by the hearth fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night."

There seems a shadow in the day
Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts, and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who trembling here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well beloved of ours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like. I once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's, in Paris, she having commissioned me to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted that I must require them "*pour une jeune demoiselle.*"

I remember her once fixing upon the evening of a St. Patrick's day to spend with us.

Let me pause for a moment to recall to remembrance those who crowded together on that particular evening—to think of the many assembled to meet the Miss Edgeworth, to whom they all felt they owed so much. But few years have passed; yet the "many" can be addressed only as "the dead."

Whom we know by the light they gave.

I so well remember the child-like impatience of Letitia Landon to see the author of "Early Lessons," and how the color mounted to her cheek when Miss Edgeworth looked long and earnestly at her, and taking her cordially by the hand, said a few words, as kind as they were graceful. "I have lost all my eloquence to-night," observed the poetess to me. "I can only feel how superior that little woman is to everybody else, and rejoice not to have been disappointed." There was the brilliant and gentle Laman Blanchard—the thoughtful and fervent Allan Cunningham—the burly and boisterous Ettrick Shepherd,* whose meretricious feteing in London was a sad contrast to his after suffering; the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" Miss Jewsbury, who, however cramped by sectarianism, was gifted with a loyal and lofty nature, and a noble genius, which, had her life been prolonged, would have won for her enduring fame; the excellent Mrs. Hofland, a model of women and of wives. All these, and others, even dearer to the affections, have since passed away; and now, the last, the richest, in honors and in years—who so rarely left the home she has rendered immortal—has been consigned to the grave.

I enjoyed the wet days in that house far more than I did the fine ones, which we spent in the family coach—driving over the country. I fancied the long drives fatigued both Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth; at least, the after-dinner nap of the latter was much longer after visiting the lions of the neighborhood, than when we passed the morning—part in that beloved library, part in Miss Edgeworth's own particular flower-garden—or, sweeter still, *alone* with her in my own bed-room; where she would come, dear, kind, old lady! to help off a shawl, or inquire if my feet were damp after a stroll on the lawn, or if I wanted anything, and then sit down and talk of those whom she had known, but whose names were history—a history, of which she herself is now so grand and so dear a part.

Her extensive correspondence was not confined to any clique, any country, or any particular order of talent. She seemed to have known every body worth knowing, and to have taken pleasure all her life in writing letters, when, as she observed, she had "anything to say." She never wearied of talking of Sir Walter Scott, and she seldom spoke of him without her eyes filling with tears. "You London people," she said, "never saw Scott as he really was; his own home and country drew him out; he was made up of thought and feeling, illumined by a wonderful memory, and possessed of the power of adapting and illustrating every thing with anecdote. Every heart and face grew bright in the brightness of Scott." Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott's illness; she talked much and sorrowfully about both him and Captain Basil Hall. "People will overtask themselves," she said, "in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter knew he was destroying himself; he told me that four hours a day, at works of imagination, was enough; adding that he had wrought fourteen."

"One thing I must tell you," she exclaimed, after we had been turning over several of Sir Walter Scott's letters, "one thing I must tell you, Sir Walter Scott was almost the only literary man who never tired me; Sir James Mackintosh was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he said worth remembering one morning at breakfast."

I could not help thinking that the task of remembering "seventeen clever things" must have been great fatigue; Miss Edgeworth's collection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting I ever saw, far more so than any published during the present century, and she used to bring me box after box filled with the correspondence of all the people of "her time"—a period then of more than fifty years; sometimes she would pick me out the most interesting, and then leave the collection to "amuse" me; it was not the mere chit-chat of the period, but the opinions of clever people given to clever people. I felt it a great privilege and advantage to read those letters; some few were from the leading men of her father's time to him; Sir Walter Scott's were, I had almost said, without number; the correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, with Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multitudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was a "letter-writing country." Many of these concerned Laura Bridgeman, about whom Miss Edgeworth was much interested; several from great statesmen and celebrated persons of all grades and kinds; but I am convinced that Miss Edgeworth had too much delicacy to suffer any eyes but her own to dwell on the private letter of a friend; for these were all, with perhaps one or two exceptions, what might be given to the public, and all full of interest. David Ricardo's letters written so many years previously concerning the state of Ireland, struck me as almost prophetic. My readers will remember that in 1842 there had been no appearance of potato disease, yet I thought his observations concerning the culture of the potato so striking that at the time I asked Miss Edgeworth's permission to use them; he questioned whether the potato was a blessing, or the contrary, to Ireland, and his opinion decidedly was *against* its being a blessing; he argued that anything cultivated to the exclusion of other things, *and whose failure creates a famine*, must be an evil; consequently the cultivation of the potato, to the exclusion of other things, *is* an evil; the experience of the past few years proves how entirely Ricardo was right.†

Miss Packenham, afterwards Duchess of Wellington, was so nearly connected with the Edgeworth family that she consulted Mr. Edgeworth frequently during her husband's absence on the education of her son. Miss Edgeworth spoke of her with great affection and tenderness; and, perhaps, there is nothing more touching in the whole history of woman's love, than that noble lady's entreaty during her last illness to be carried into the room, in which the gifts of many nations to "the duke" are deposited. "Never," said Miss Edgeworth, "had she looked so lovely to me as she did the day I saw her there. She had the palest blush on her fair cheek, and pointing round, she said, 'These are tributes paid to *him* by all the world, not gained by trickery or fraud.'" I have never looked round the room of royal presents that beautify, though they cannot add to the attraction of, Apsley House, without conjuring up the fragile lady upon the sofa, where she breathed her last, surrounded by tributes to her husband's greatness.

I never knew any one so ready to give information; her mind was generous in every sense of the word, in small things as well as in large; she gave away all the duplicates of her shells—"One is enough," she would say, "I must keep *that* out of compliment to the giver." She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labors, but she never volunteered speaking of them or of herself; she never seemed to be *in her own head*, as it were—much less *in her own heart*. She loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know every thing connected with her habits of thought and writing—I often reverted to her books, which she said I remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that I really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness. I told her I observed that she spoke to children as she wrote for them, and she said it was so! and she believed that having been so much with children, had taught her to think for them. I have no doubt that the succession of children in the Edgeworth family, kept alive her interest in childhood: those who withdraw from the society of youth, when they themselves are no longer young, turn away from the greenness and freshness of existence; it is as if winter made no preparation for, and had no desire to be succeeded by spring.

I do not design to write a panegyric. Miss Edgeworth's own works will suffice for that; they are imperishable monuments of her usefulness and her "good will," especially towards the country of her adoption and towards children. But even after a visit to Edgeworthstown, where a natural habit of observation, as well as a desire to read her rightly, made me more than usually awake to every word and every passing incident—bright days of rambling and sunshine, and dark days of rain and conversation with her and hers—seeing her thus away from the meretricious glare and false lights of London society, where I had first met her—in the trying seclusion of a country house, in the midst of a most mingled family—where her father's last wife was many years younger than herself, and the half foreign children and foreign wife of her youngest brother rendered the mingling still more extraordinary—recalling all seen and known of other families, where children of the same parents too seldom live together in unity—I remember nothing that at this distance of time does not excite my admiration and increase my affection for this admirable woman, combining in her small self whatever we believe to be most deserving of praise in her sex. She was a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy—a very sunbeam of light, in a home rendered historic by her genius—a perfect woman in her attention to those little offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life; a patriot, but not a political—the champion of a country's virtues, without being blind either to its follies or its crimes. Honored wherever her name was heard during half a century of literary industry—idolized by a family composed as I have said of many members under one roof, yet tuned into matchless harmony by admirable management and right affection;‡—this woman, so loved, so honored, so cherished to the very last, was entirely unselfish. I have said this before, and repeating it cannot give strength to the fact; but I have so often felt benefit from her example and the consideration of her virtues, that I desire others, especially the young of my own sex, to do the same. During her last visit to London, I still thought her unchanged; like Scott, she was not seen to the same advantage in London crowds, as amid the home circle at Edgeworthstown. Our last meeting was at her beloved sister's, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley street. She was there the centre of attraction amongst those of the highest standing in literature; the hot room and the presentations wearied her, and so her anxious sister thought; but she again, like Scott, was the gentlest of lions, and suffered to admiration. When I was going, she pressed my hand and whispered, "We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." I certainly did not think I should see her no more in this world. I have imagined the half hour of her illness in that now desolate monument of so much that was great and good; a brother and sister—the brother nearly half a century younger than Maria Edgeworth—who were there when we were at Edgeworthstown, had been called away before her. The widow of her father, and the widow of her tenderly-loved brother knew that she had written a note to Dr. Marsh complaining of not being as well as usual; yet had felt little alarm. In less than half an hour after this letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth went into Miss Edgeworth's bed-room—the little room that overlooked her flower-garden—stood by her bedside, became alarmed; and passing her arm under her head, turned it on her shoulder, so as to rai e her up. After the lapse of a few minutes, she felt neither motion nor breath; and it was only the *form* of her long cherished and beloved friend that she pressed to her bosom. She died in her eighty-third year, it may be truly said full of years and honors.§

I, who knew HER so long and so well, who have lived in the house of happiness with THEM, can hardly imagine, much less describe, the lonely blank that is left—more particularly in the heart of the venerable lady, who must now feel the want of object, the want of counsel, the want of sympathy—the want of one who filled her thoughts from morning till night, either to share her sorrows or enjoyments, and make up by unceasing love and pity, the one for the other, the heavy losses they both sustained, particularly within the last few years, by the death of Mrs. Edgeworth's beloved children—almost, if not quite, as dear to the one as to the other; but I can picture the mourning village when she was carried within that church, and laid in her father's tomb, beneath the shadow of the spire, which tells of his invention and perseverance, as well as his desire to add to the beauty of the Christian church of his own parish—I can fancy the wail of the weeping children of the schools, and the utter *desolation* which reigns in that once cheerful library. All that relates to this honored and honorable family is becoming matter of history; and in a short space of time, hundreds who have learned all the good that books can teach from those imperishable monuments of Maria Edgeworth's zeal and industry in every good cause, will make pilgrimages to her shrine—the *neutral ground* of Ireland—where all may worship, without idolatry, the ESSENCE of as pure, as high a nature, as ever ascended in the spirit of faith to the throne of the Supreme.

* I remember Miss Edgeworth being much amused by the compliment the Ettrick Shepherd paid that evening to poor Miss Landon—"I hae written mony bitter things about ye, but I'll do nae mair—*I did nae think ye'd been sae bonny.*"

† One of the greatest proofs of Miss Edgeworth's practical patriotism, is the simple fact, that with a keen relish for, and appreciation of, what she considered the *best*, namely, the *best bred* society, combining high talent, high rank, and pure morals, with every possible temptation to spend her time and money in England, she preferred devoting herself with her family, to the local improvement of the neighborhood of Edgeworthstown; and, when in her eighticth year, set herself the task of writing the juvenile book of "Orlandino," to increase her means of utility in the hour of Ireland's extreme sorrow and famine.

‡ It would seem that the family of Edgeworth were as united in 1844, when I visited them, as in 1796, when Mr. Edgeworth, in a letter to Doctor Darwin, wrote the following passage:—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt."

§ I honored her birthday as I do my mother's, and managed she should receive the letter of congratulation, to which this is a reply, the 1st of last January, the day she completed her eighty-second birthday. It shows how bright and kind she was ever, and to the last:—

"My dear Mrs. Hall,—Your cordial, warm-hearted note, was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family.

"I am truly obliged to you for it, and quite touched by your kind remembrance.

"Mrs. Edgeworth felt it as I do, and so did a sister of mine, whom you do not know, but whom you would like very much if you did know her, Mrs. Butler—'the Harriet Edgeworth'—justly described in Sir Walter Scott's letters.

"I hope you and Mr. Hall will revisit Ireland one of these days, and that you will make your way again to Edgeworthstown. You must not delay long if you mean to see me again; remember, you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday.

"I wish you would be so very kind as to give me as a birthday present yours and Mr. Hall's *third* volume of 'Ireland.' I have only one number of it, that which cost you so much thought and care to word; and which gratified me and my family so much, from the manner you mentioned us, saying nothing we could wish unsaid.

"I am ashamed to beg this volume from you, but I do so wish to have it from the kind author, that I cannot refrain from making this request. If there be any of mine that you would accept, or if your dear little girl would like to have a set of my little books, just now republished, let me know, and I will have them sent to you."

My "little girl" rejoiced as much at this prospect as I should have done at her age; but the following little circumstance marks the charming mind of the giver. The books came from the London publisher's, but Miss Edgeworth had enclosed him, written with her own hand, on slips of paper, "To Mrs. S. C. Hall's dear good little girl. From Maria Edgeworth, in her eighty-third year." And these were carefully pasted, by her direction, in *each* volume. In the same letter, the last but one I received from her, she asks, in a postscript, "Who translated Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs lately, and what proof of their authenticity? I believe I must write to Paris to get an answer satisfactory to this last question. *The translation (?) reads like an original.*" She was so actively alive to whatever was going on.

HAVE WE A FATHER THERE?

"Clarinda—do you think we shall live again after we are dead?"

"I don't know," was the answer, in a low, mournful tone.

"It seems," continued he, "as if I had been alive a very, very short time. I have *lived*... and done nothing else; and now I feel sorry to go into darkness and nothingness again. Do you think I shall?"

"Then you think you shall die?"...shall she, with her usual abruptness, but with a bitterness inexpressible in her accent.

"I think I must," was the answer.

And for all this reply, she retired to her station at the foot of the bed, shrank into a heap of garments, crouched down her head, and buried her face again between her arms, and under her hair. But this time she did not look through between those arms. This time, she hid the very light of day from her forlorn, yet dry eyes.

There was a silence; and the boy breathed painfully. At last he said—

"Our Father who art in heaven!"

"Our Father!—a father—who art in heaven. Have we a father there, Clarinda? Is there some one in this wide, wide universe—this vast vault—this large vessel in which we are floating. Is there a Father in it, do you think, Clarinda?"

She lifted up her face—shook her head sorrowfully, and said,

"I don't know."

"Oh! if there were a father," said the boy, "How glad I should be to go to him!"

"Go to him?" said she mournfully.

"Ah, Clarinda! how glad we should be to go to him!

She nodded assent, and sank down into her former position.

"I think," said the boy, after another long pause, "if I were but *sure* I should find him—I should be very glad to die."

"And I would be almost glad to let you, she replied in a low voice, and her head sank down again; and hidden by the clothes, tears, still and silent as soft summer rain, literally poured from her eyes.

Another pause!

"Clarinda, what are you thinking about all the time you are at church?"

"I do not know," said she again, raising her head—"anything—nothing. I used to look about when I was a child; and amuse myself as well as I could, and now I *think* about—that is all the difference."

"Well, that is just what I do. It is very strange that we have neither of us thought more about it. Do you ever say your prayers?" whispered he, mysteriously. "Some people do, every night and morning."

"I never was taught any prayers, except by my old Nurse, when I was a little thing—I used to say; "Pray, God, bless Papa and Mamma, and make me a good girl." I left it off when I left the nursery, and had no one to bid me kneel down. Brother, if there be a God!"

—"My children," said the old man, softly opening the door, "how are you both—and what was that you said last, my pretty lady Clarinda! If there be! To be sure there is. Have I not shown him to you in the flowers! My children, comfort your poor hearts.—There is a God—a father to the fatherless, a—"

"Then he shall be *my* God," faltered the boy.

"—And will he raise the dead!"

"*We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed; in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised; and this corruption shall put on incorruption; and this mortal immortality*"—replied the old man—"But wherefore, now, my children? Surely, this is not the first time you have asked of yourselves these things!"

"Nay," said the boy, "you know, sir, how it is with us. We are two poor, ignorant, ill-educated beings, wandering about on this earth—coming we know not from whence—going we know not whither. We are two poor, desolate orphan children. We were content to wander together, but now we both believe that we must part. And *she* would know what will become of me when I am dead; and I would know what will become of her when, like a poor little withered leaf, she is left to be blown about the world. If there *be* a father to the fatherless, why have we never been told of him!"

"It would have been a great comfort," said the girl.

"I should have asked him a great many things, if I thought he would have heard me."

"Ask, then, for he will hear you."

—"And grant my prayers!" said she, doubtingly.

"Or do better," said the old man.

"I understand you," said she, sinking down again.

"What I would ask is *his* life," repeated she to herself; "poor, unhappy boy! and will he not be better with his *Father*? No, I will not ask *that*—but I will ask Him to pity me, when he takes him to himself, and to take the poor little Clarinda home too."

The good and simple old man now resumed his favorite subject. He talked of creation, and its beauties, and its excellences, and long he pursued the lovely theme, consoling the hearts of these young inquirers; and then he fetched his little black Bible, and he read of life and immortality, and the touching words of the tender and pitying Lord Jesus; and he laid these two trembling children at their Savior's feet.

SELFISHNESS CONQUERED.

Among the many pleasant companions of my youth, the recollection of no one is more interesting to me than Mary Howard, whose sweetness and benevolence of temper I will now give you an account of, on an occasion when the strongest feelings of selfishness were rising in my heart. It was the day on which prizes were to be awarded by our teacher, for the two best written stories. The prizes were to be given with reference to neatness, beauty of penmanship, and correctness of orthography, as well as excellence of composition.

I made up my mind to get the prize if possible, but feared more than any thing, that Mary, my sweet, amiable, friend Mary, would be most successful and gain the first prize; and if I got only the second I felt that I should be almost miserable. Sensible of my own fault in this respect, I made every effort to check this selfish feeling, and determined to rejoice as much in Mary's success as in my own, if I could.

This I found would be a very difficult attainment. I, however, did my best to conquer my own selfishness, and saw with much humility how sincerely anxious Mary seemed for my happiness. She was beloved by the whole school, although her temper was naturally irritable and violent, yet she had so much control of it as to be an example to us all, which you will see exemplified on this occasion. We showed each other our pieces after they were written, and I felt that Mary's merited the prize. I walked home from school slowly and alone, trying to prepare myself for Mary's success, and to feel sincere pleasure in it.

Late on the afternoon, previous to that on which prizes were to be awarded, I left Mary copying her composition, which was to be left on our teacher's desk before dark. When I reached the school-room the next day, I found the teacher and scholars all present. I took my seat and very soon the reading of the compositions began. The first theme read I knew to be Lucy Tracy's, an elder girl than myself, and it was an excellent one; then my own was read; then some inferior ones, and then the teacher announced that he had read all. I looked at Mary inquiringly, for I was very sure hers had not been read, but she did not look surprised; and a little girl, of whom she was very fond, whose name was Anna, sat beside her in tears. I knew not what to do; I hardly dared to rise and speak aloud, and wondered that Mary did not speak herself, but looked so perfectly composed.

Soon, however, I observed Lucy Tracy returning to her seat with the *first* prize—an elegant copy of Milton; and I was then desired to come forward and receive the second prize—a gold pencil. I then found courage to speak and said, "Mary Howard wrote for the prize, sir, and her composition is much better than mine."

"I have not received any from Miss Howard," said the teacher, and looking at her asked if she had written for the prize.

"I did sir," replied Mary, "but it was accidentally destroyed, when too late for me to make another copy."

"How was it destroyed?" asked the teacher.

"I did it sir," said little Anna, rising from her seat, "I spilled ink over it last evening, just as it was done."

"Have you another copy of your theme, Miss Howard," asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir, but I fear it cannot be read it has been so much altered."

"No matter, bring it, and I will try to read it."

Mary obeyed and it was read aloud. After some thought our good teacher said,—"This is a case for which I am not prepared, but I think, if Miss Howard's composition had been brought in with the others, it would have received the first prize, but as that has been awarded to another piece, the merits of which are nearly equal to the one last read, by Miss Howard, and as the detention of hers was owing to an accident and no fault of her own, I think it ought not to make any difference, and I see no way of doing justice but by giving prizes for the two best compositions."

The whole school responded to this, for Mary was, as I have said, beloved by all, and no one felt more pleasure than I did, for I had entirely conquered my selfish feelings.

Our teacher went out but soon returned with another superb volume of Milton, which was presented to Mary, and a gold pencil for me, for the second best theme. This interesting and beloved Mary Howard, has a blind sister of whom I will, perhaps, at some future time, give you an account. [Christian Watchman.

YOUNG FEMALES.

The increasing privileges which an illumination has conferred upon our sex, exceedingly heighten their responsibilities. Formerly, to be "faithful over a *few* things" was all that their limited sphere required: now they are both qualified and expected to be made "rulers over *many* things." The treasures of their own minds are revealed to them, and they are summoned forth as laborers in the wide field of benevolence. The temple of science is no longer inaccessible to the foot of woman. From its pavilion, whence with Moslem jealousy she was for ages excluded, a voice addresses her, "Enter in and live." Of treasures which had been from ancient times accumulating, yet strictly sealed from her eye, she is invited to partake. It remains to be proved in what manner this invitation will be received—this admission valued. Will she loiter at the threshhold of this magnificent temple? Will she amuse herself in its courts by gathering its brief flowers that spring up where is no deepness of earth? Will she just enter the gate, and proclaim with the shrillness of vanity, her own initiation? her own proficiency in the mysteries of knowledge? Or will she press to the innermost shrine, among those true-hearted and meek-souled worshippers, "whose candle goeth not out by night."

Young females, these interrogations are emphatically for *you*. With you it is the time of culture, the day of hope. Suffer not the allurements, the temptations of indolence, to prevent your oblation on the altar of wisdom. Come while the dews of the morning are fresh about you. The meridian sun may absorb your vigor, or find you toiling in different and more sterile fields. May you not be constrained to adopt the lamentation' "my own vineyard have I not kept." A time will come, should your days be prolonged, when life may seem like a twice told tale, when, the present and the future disrobed of novelty, the mind will turn for enjoyment to the past. Lay then, a deep foundation, and collect a store of imperishable fruits for this season of retrospection. Convinced that "knowledge is power," seek it when it may be obtained, and so use it that all within the sphere of your influence, may be prompted by your example to the attainment of moral excellence, to the pursuit of "glory, honor, immortality and eternal life."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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Jan. 29, 1849. os1y

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WATERMAN'S PATENT LAMP TEA KETTLE.

Every year since the introduction of the Cooking Range, at the approach of Summer, I have had many, and urgent calls for an article to boil water in, without making a fire in the range. The above is the result of my endeavors to answer the call, and is to my entire satisfaction. It will be found both useful and economical in hot weather, to all who cook by Range, and at all seasons, to families that board either at Hotels or elsewhere. To Ladies keeping house in a snug way, and performing their domestic duties from *choice*, it is invaluable, and will answer for the Bachelor in his dreary lodging-room.

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This article was invented for the special benefit of those who cook by Range, but experience has proved it to be equally beneficial when used on cooking stoves, or before the wood fire. It combines economy with convenience, and gives entire satisfaction to all who have given it a thorough trial, as it saves all the fat and juices of the meat, and prevents the unpleasant odor always attending the process of broiling by the old method.

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june9 7m NATH'L WATERMAN.

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